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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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LYTTON STRACHEY.
Drawn for the *Saturday Review* by Guy Pène du Bois.

Books Wanted

IN his analysis of *The Saturday Review* questionnaire printed last week, Mr. Rush remarked that writers, and particularly writers of realistic fiction, were not giving the public what it wanted. His belief, which many share, deserves consideration.

Novelists and dramatists certainly, and to a greater extent than is realized, poets, essayists, sociologists, psychologists, and all the rest, give to their readers one of two aspects of human nature. Either they write of what they believe people are like, or they write of what men and women wish to believe they are like. The old classification of realism and romance may seem to fit this antithesis, but the dualism is much too subtle for such general terms. What your author thinks he sees in life is always a complex made up of objective observation and subjective prejudice. And what the reader believes he is like is no mere dream phantasy, but a powerful determinant of what he actually is. It is this latter truism which has to be considered more carefully before we run away with the idea that good writers write to tell the truth and cheap writers write to please.

Why should not more good writers write to please? The *persona*, that masks self-dramatization of the ego, is a curious thing. It craves chilling blasts of disillusionment; it craves equally charges of vitality and courage and humor and hope. The reading it has fed on for two decades now has been analytical, and a psychologist could easily tabulate the result. Good readers are less sentimental, more rational, clearer minded, and much of this is to be attributed to their reading. But the *persona* has lost something in vigor and in richness. It is like the old and pleasant myth (which Hawthorne perpetuated) that the mind took color from the wine of the region. And surely the mind does take color from its books, and this color is a little harsh and thin in this generation. The *persona* has seen itself in terms of too many Dreisers and Lewises, Hemingways and Faulkners, Aldous Huxleys and D. H. Lawrences, Wassermanns and Prousts. Most uncritically is this group of names brought together, for an analysis to discover just what are the missing vitamins can scarcely be made in a brief essay, whereas all good readers know what nourishment, what color, what perspective of themselves they have gained from such authors as are listed above.

Make for yourself, by intellectual effort, a *persona* from the books of these writers. Note that it is more penetrating and far subtler than an imagination formed, let us say, upon Dickens and Thackeray and Cooper and Scott. Note that it grapples with hidden matters of sex and social disturbance alien to the generation whose minds were glinting with reflections from James and Kipling and Stevenson and even Hardy. Note finally that certain fundamental human satisfactions are lacking of which humor is one, and confidence in sanity another, and, shall we say, courage a third. And agree that, whether by necessity or by choice, the books that we take most seriously are leaving tracts of the brain unnourished, regions of the *persona* flabby and unresponsive.

And where our angels will not or cannot tread, hordes of patent medicine venders rush in. There are plenty of books conceived, written, published in the sole expectation that they will please myriads to the point of buying. The screen deals almost exclusively in pap of this sort. But over the better writers, Duty sits like a Puritan in a pulpit proclaiming, "Write the truth." But what is truth? said Pon-

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Sketch of a Poet

By DON MARQUIS

ONCE the wild rapture and the beating wing
Of Song were mine, the Sun, the climbing flight,
The storm's rough fellowship upon the height—
Rider of winds that spin the worlds and fling
Space-wide the starry levities of Spring!
I falter now; there falls and blurs my sight
A drift of ashes down on dusty night,
Nor dull ears hark what magic bells may ring.

I should have striven for some faith whose heat
Of burning hearts might set a planet flaming;
Or fallen like great Lucifer, proclaiming
Across the skies his splendor in defeat.
. . . But meanly I sink down: wasting large powers
On tavern satellites and sodden hours.

Lytton Strachey

By CLAUDE W. FUESS

MOST English biographies in the twentieth century, at least up to the close of the World War, preserved the Victorian tradition by remaining ponderously and eulogistically dull. Lytton Strachey himself, born in 1880, never forgot what he characterized as "those two fat volumes . . . with their ill-digested masses of material, their slipshod style, their tone of tedious panegyric, their lamentable lack of selection, of detachment, of design." These condemnatory words are extracted from the preface to "Eminent Victorians" (1918), Strachey's first venture in biography, containing short sketches of four very different figures—Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, "Arnold of Rugby," and "Chinese" Gordon. It is evident that Strachey had clearly in mind what to avoid; and his book was a deliberate effort to profit by what he thought to be the ineptitudes and weaknesses of his predecessors. The volume was received with only mild enthusiasm, but three years later his "Queen Victoria," breaking even more sharply with rules and precedents, brought him a sudden and amazing success. His more recent works included "Books and Characters" (1922), a thin but sparkling study of Alexander Pope, and the widely-popular "Elizabeth and Essex" (1928). In bulk, Strachey's production was notimpressive, but he had for some years been regarded by critics as the most gifted living practitioner of the art of biography.

Strachey's books, especially the "Queen Victoria," came on the market at precisely the right moment and, even in competition with prose fiction, held their own in the bookstalls. At the opening of what has been called the "Jazz Age," he catered to a generation which rejoiced at smartness, irreverence, and cynicism, and which liked to see the garments of authority stripped from schoolmasters and generals and cardinals and monarchs. Furthermore, Strachey's biographies were never slow-moving. There were no annoying footnotes to lure the eye from the narrative. They resembled novels and, when one had turned a few pages, he was persuaded to continue to the death scene—and Strachey's death scenes have seldom been surpassed for pathos and terror.

After he had made his "hit" and his prosperity was apparent, other, lesser men, especially in the United States, paid him the compliment of imitation.

Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

Sketches of prize-fighters and political "bosses," of reformers and of sinners, appeared one after one, and the so-called "debunkers" had their little hour. Strachey was not, of course, responsible for all the iniquities of the "debunkers," but he did point them the way. In a greedy rush for royalties, journalists put books hastily together to feed to an equally eager reading public. Only recently have we awakened to sobriety, chastened and half-regretful, like a man after a debauch.

And now Lytton Strachey is dead—dead at fifty-two, with the possibilities of other masterpieces in that clever brain of his and probably a manuscript uncompleted. His tall, thin body, with his narrow face, great tawny beard, and brooding eyes behind steel-rimmed spectacles, will be noticed no more in Gordon Square. The time has come for us to pass judgment on what he left behind him.

Strachey allowed no doubt as to his purpose, which was "to lay bare the facts of some cases . . . dispassionately, impartially, and without ulterior intentions." Revolting against the fatuous eulogies written by his predecessors, he undertook to counteract them by telling the simple truth; but truth with him was often synonymous with iconoclasm. He had, for example, read Dean Stanley's "Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold" and had concluded that the great headmaster had not been faithfully depicted. Thus it was that he closed his estimate of Arnold in these words:

> Teachers and prophets have strange after-histories; and that of Dr. Arnold has been no exception. The earnest enthusiast who strove to make his pupils Christian gentlemen and who governed his school according to the principles of the Old Testament has proved to be the founder of the worship of athletics and the worship of good form. Upon those two poles our public schools have turned for so long that we have almost come to believe that such is their essential nature, and that an English public school boy who wears the wrong clothes and takes no interest in football is a contradiction in terms. Yet it *was not* so before Dr. Arnold; will it always be so after him? We shall see.

Strachey has been called an "impressionist," but the term is not an accurate one. He was a scholar of remarkable industry, who examined sources with assiduity and discretion. He had read as much about Victoria as had Sidney Lee. But he had discarded more. He exalted the virtues of brevity, "a brevity which excludes everything that is redundant and nothing that is significant." What is more, he practised what he preached. One of his terse sentences is often worth, for purposes of characterization, a whole paragraph in the "Dictionary of National Biography"; for example, when he says of Lord John Russell: "He was a tall, big man of sixty-two, with a jaunty air, a

This Week

"MR. JUSTICE HOLMES."
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"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."
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"A HISTORY OF SMOKING."
Reviewed by JAMES FUCHS.
"A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES."
Reviewed by A. W. SCHLESINGER.
"ESSAYS IN PERSUASION."
Reviewed by JACOB VINER.
"MARY'S NECK."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.
"THE EUROPEAN CARAVAN."
Reviewed by GEORGE MOREBY ACKLOM.
HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.
ADVERTISING—LEADING OR MISLEADING.
By BEN RAY REDMAN.

Next Week, or Later

TSURUMI'S "THE MOTHER."
Reviewed by LOUIS LEDOUX.

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large face, dyed whiskers, and a long, sardonic upper lip." Strachey was a sincere workman, patient and fastidious, who refused to be seduced by the importunities of publishers into hasty writing.

He was able to be brief because he understood the art of selection. Through some sixth sense, he could recognize at a glance what was essential and what was trivial, and he chose details which left an impression behind, like John Brown's "too acute appreciation of Scotch whisky" and the episode of "the boy Jones" who hid for several days in Buckingham Palace and boasted that he had "sat upon the throne, seen the Queen, and heard the Princess Royal squall." His "Queen Victoria" opens, not with an uninspiring genealogical tree, but with a dramatic account of the death in childbirth of the Princess Charlotte, attended by that magnetic physician who later, as Baron Stockmar, was to exercise such unofficial power over the destinies of Europe. By carefully emphasizing small items, Strachey gained in vividness and readability. He was a true artist, with a genius for elimination. Each book of his is built to a design. What he wanted, most of all, to do was "to compress into a few shining pages the manifold existences of men."

That his pages do shine will be the verdict of all who have perused them carefully. His style, the result of long hours of revision, has something about it of the eighteenth century, with touches which may have been learned from Max Beerbohm and a flavor which is Gallic rather than Teutonic. Never obscure or involved, it is polished, sophisticated, and urbane. Even its whimsicalities, its antitheses and parellelisms, are not carried to excess. One might choose for quotation such an obvious "purple patch" as the death of Philip II of Spain, in "Elizabeth and Essex," but even better, perhaps, is the plaintive conclusion of "Queen Victoria," in which he shows the dying monarch, blind and silent, alone with her recollections. It is a passage which should be read aloud if its cadences are to be appreciated:

> Perhaps her fading mind called up once more the shadows of the past to float before it, and retraced, for the last time, the vanished visions of that long history—passing back and back, through the cloud of years, to older and even older memories—to the spring woods at Osborne, so full of primroses for Lord Beaconsfield—to Lord Palmerston's queer clothes and high demeanor, and Albert's face under the green lamp, and Albert's first stag at Balmoral, and Albert in his blue and silver uniform, and the Baron coming in through a doorway, and Lord M. dreaming at Windsor with the rooks cawing in the elm trees, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his knees in the dawn, and the old King's turkey-cock ejaculations, and Uncle Leopold's soft voice at Claremont, and Lehzen with the globes, and her mother's feathers sweeping down towards her, and a great old repeater-watch of her father's in its tortoise-shell case, and a yellow rug, and some friendly flounces of sprigged muslin, and the trees and the grass at Kensington.

Similar in tone is a sentence regarding Cardinal Manning in his old age: "He would snip with scissors the pages of ancient journals, and with delicate, ecclesiastical fingers drop unknown mysteries into the flames." Such prose as this has been written only rarely in our time, and, in itself, would preserve Strachey's books from oblivion.

Space is lacking for dwelling on the pervasive and often mordant satire which is generally considered to be Strachey's distinctive characteristic. His irony is unquestionably effective and seldom fails to bring a smile to the intelligent reader. But occasionally his desire to be witty leads him into unfairness, as, for example, in the famous description of Sir Francis Bacon, "an old man, disgraced, shattered, alone, on Highgate Hill, stuffing a dead fowl with snow." Even more obvious is his remark about Arnold:

> It was no wonder that Carlyle, after a visit to Rugby, should have characterized Dr. Arnold as a man of "unhasting, unresting diligence." Mrs. Arnold, too, no doubt agreed with Carlyle. During the first eight years of their married life, she bore him six children; and four more were to follow.

Such a passage is, after all, nothing but trickery, and leads the reader to believe that Strachey is taking an unjustifiable advantage of his victim.

In one important respect Strachey made a positive contribution to the art of biography. Our modern advances in psychology enabled him to look deeper into human motives and perversities than any one had ever penetrated before him. Boswell was primarily a reporter—a glorified reporter, it is true, but nevertheless a recorder of facts. He did not try to explain why the Great Lexicographer behaved as he did. Lockhart did not attempt to analyze Scott's meditations. What Strachey did was to expose the inner thoughts and emotions of his men and women. Others since then have treated Carlyle and Poe and Keats in the same way, but the method was originated largely by Lytton Strachey.

It is, of course, too soon to make an estimate of what will ultimately be Strachey's place in literary history. He is less ephemeral than André Maurois or Emil Ludwig, or even than Harold Nicolson and Philip Guedalla. He did, I think, earn a fame which will be permanent, not only because of his achievement, but also because of his influence. After all, he set in motion a movement which can still be felt and which has modified the procedure of other biographers, whom he taught that biography need not be tedious and dry in order to be authoritative. In emphasizing personality rather than accomplishment, he reiterated a fundamental doctrine which cannot in biography be stressed too often. Some of his imitators ran to excesses, did not scruple to sacrifice truth in order to produce a sensation, and cared more for vividness than for accuracy. But this was not his fault. His standards were high, his scholarship was scrupulous, and his style was a delight. For these finely-blended virtues we ought to offer grateful thanks and remember his name for more than a fleeting day.

Claude M. Fuess, educator and author, is the writer of a number of biographies, among which may be mentioned "The Life of Caleb Cushing," "Rufus Choate" and "Daniel Webster."

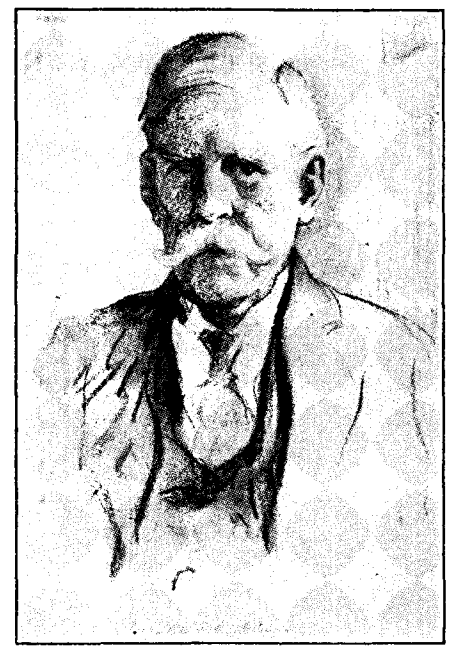
Mr. Justice Holmes

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES. Representative Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes. Arranged, with introductory notes, by ALFRED LIEF. New York: Vanguard Press. 1930. $4.50.

Reviewed by WHITNEY NORTH SEYMOUR

WHEN Mr. Justice Holmes resigned as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States on January 12th, there was a general feeling that a great figure had passed out of American public life, for Justice Holmes had captured popular imagination perhaps more than any other judge in our history. As Holmes's years of judicial service grew and his outlook continued to escape the usual manacles of time, the peculiarly valuable nature of his contribution to the work of the Supreme Court, long familiar to the bar, made him more and more the proudly recognized possession of a people which is inclined to take great judges very much for granted. At ninety he had become a sort of symbol of liberalism and gallantry of spirit, and sadly as he will be missed, his resignation, in philosophic recognition of the inevitable, was the sort of perfect punctuation which was to be expected from a great stylist.

Any one interested in Justice Holmes and his work will be glad to have this book. It provides the necessary perspective of Holmes's work as a judge which "The Dissenting Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes," published in 1929, also arranged by Mr. Lief, alone, did not give. While his dissenting opinions are fascinating to read and contain some of the classic examples of his judicial style at its best, they do not represent the bulk of his judicial work. The reputation of Justice Holmes will undoubtedly rest principally upon his opinions on behalf of the majority, which thereby become an essentially active element in the body of the law, rather than on those in which his views were not (at least at the time) accepted by a majority of his brother Justices. Some few dissenting opinions not included in the earlier volume are contained in this, and they will serve to stimulate readers of the volume to read the other also. A reader of the dissenting opinions will also be struck by the fact that in them Holmes is usually speaking for Mr. Justice Brandeis as well, and sometimes for others, and this should stimulate an interest outside of the profession, if stimulation be necessary, in the opinions of Mr. Justice Brandeis, which have been published in a separate volume in the same series.



JUSTICE HOLMES.
From "Drawn from Life," by S. J. WOOLF (Whittlesey House)

The lawyer has many reasons for being interested in the opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes, but the layman is undoubtedly most interested in what is called his "liberalism," in the peculiar beauty of his style, and in his personality.

Some of the qualities of mind and spirit which have created the almost reverent affection in which Justice Holmes is held by those who have had the preëminent delight of knowing him personally are suggested in Harold J. Laski's excellent foreword, which also contains a sympathetic interpretation of his work.

While some of the opinions in the volume are included because they show his style at its best (like the one dealing with the absence of a constitutional right to be a policeman), most of them have obviously been selected because they deal with important economic and governmental problems, and the collection is designed to emphasize the qualities in Justice Holmes's opinions which are spoken of as "liberal." That word has often been perverted to define economic and political views which we approve or disapprove, as the case may be. To apply the word in this way to Holmes's opinions is as unrevealing as a description of Socrates as an inquisitive Greek. In the strict sense Holmes is a liberal, for he has approached the changing problems with which a judge deals with a broad and enlightened mind, free from narrowness, bigotry, or bondage to creed or authority. Even here the definition must be applied with care for he has recognized that familiar and beaten trails, unless clearly too circuitous, must be taken by those who pass the same way. Thus Holmes has not been the enemy of the function of precedent, but its intelligent and, therefore, sometimes critical, friend.

So far as any doctrine can be found in the work of one who is not a doctrinaire, these opinions show in various forms a firm belief that a free people should be allowed to discuss freely its problems and then attempt to solve them without interference from judges who may not believe in the manner or prospect of solution, except as the written Constitution adopted by the people for their mutual protection and guidance clearly requires the courts to interfere and safeguard other equally important liberties against the improvidence of the moment. It is the repetition of this faith which will be most striking to readers not familiar with Holmes's opinions, and they will also be interested to note that the views in most of these opinions were not held by Justice Holmes and a minority of the Court, but that he was stating these as the views of the majority.

The style of Mr. Justice Holmes makes it a constant joy to read any of his opinions. They all have a distinction which would identify their writer even if his name were not attached to them, and many of them are literary gems which should survive the irreverent forces which attack law calf and other vulnerable preservatives. That which seemed obscure or complex before is often elucidated in a phrase. Sprightliness and homely simile frequently add color to his opinions. And underlying all of his opinions there is an inspiring sense of the dignity of human life and thought and its power to shape man's destiny.

Now that there will be no more opinions by Mr. Justice Holmes, it is pleasant to think that this collection of a part of his work may be enjoyed while the great son of the Autocrat, relieved of duties which had become too heavy, is still, to paraphrase his words, enjoying the sunset.

Lincolniana

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A New Portrait. By EMANUEL HERTZ. New York: Horace Liveright. 2 vols. 1931. $10.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THESE two heavy volumes of more than a thousand pages present the work of the most assiduous of the recent collectors of Lincolniana. Mr. Hertz entered the field only recently—that is, five years ago. With a remarkable combination of diligence, enterprise, and ingenuity, he has made a really impressive addition to our store of knowledge on Lincoln. It might have been supposed that after the Nicolay and Hay edition of Lincoln's writings, after the Tandy-Gettysburg edition, after Miss Tarbell's collection of unpublished work, and after the two volumes by Tracey and Paul M. Angle, little remained to be discovered. Mr. Hertz has shown that energy and enthusiasm will find much.

His work falls into two distinct parts, one volume being biographical and the other documentary. The former, a treatment of Lincoln's life in the shape of a series of connected essays, is based upon his new discoveries, and contains facts that are novel and important. Its effectiveness is unfortunately weakened by Mr. Hertz's uncritical enthusiasm for his subject, and by his lack of historical perspective. He inclines to claim every talent for Lincoln—that he was a military genius, that "he knew how to checkmate the ablest diplomats of his day," that he was a consummate financier, that "he knew more about munitions than any other man on either side," that throughout the Civil War "he saw it all, he understood it all." The titles of some of the chapters will suggest the rhapsodic style of the volume: "Abraham Lincoln: With the Immortals," "Lincoln in Excelsis," "The Wizardry of Lincoln's Political Appointments and Party Management," "Lincoln the Great Leveller." There is something rather captivating about Mr. Hertz's naive reverence. He believes that Lincoln was an agent of God, that he was sent by heaven to rescue the imperilled republic, and that when Appomatox completed his work God took him, for "he was needed in the celestial councils." His views are certainly pleasanter than Mr. Masters's silly cynicism. But they do not lead to historical truth or to a veracious picture of the great rugged, faulty, steadily-growing son of democracy.

Yet disregarding this uncritical fervor, the careful reader will find in these essays much to repay him. There is new material upon Lincoln's interest in Whig politics, in Zachary Taylor's candidacy, and in the best policy to be pursued toward the Abolitionists. All this is set forth in detail in letters to Herndon, T. S. Flournoy, and U. T. Linder. We discover to just how much trouble Lincoln went in 1849 to obtain the Commissionership of the General Land Office. There is fresh light here and there on his career as an attorney, and especially on the breadth of his legal connections. As President, a number of letters illustrate his shrewd, not to say calculating, interest in the apportionment of patronage. There are a considerable number of new military telegrams, and some

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characteristic notes about military appointments. In one letter he commands Stanton to appoint a New Jersey man, Freese, colonel of a colored regiment, "and this regardless of whether he can tell the exact shade of Julius Cæsar's hair." A large number of trifling but not uninteresting details are included: evidence from a bill of sale that two days before he left for his inauguration Lincoln sold six chairs for $2 each, a mattress for $26, a whatnot for $10, and four comforters for $8; notes from Mrs. Lincoln to Heerdt & Co. in New York ordering Veuve Cliquot champagne for the White House. There is material that is important if true, such as the testimony that Lincoln was temporarily so unnerved by Chancellorsville that he spoke to Stanton of suicide.

The second or documentary volume is a curious mélange of old and new, of dubious and authentic, material. Once more care in using it is important, but with such care the collection has great value. Mr. Hertz makes a sweeping claim for the volume. He writes that previous collections of Lincoln's works have included about 1,600 letters, speeches, and other papers; that he has succeeded in collecting more than 3,500 letters, legal documents, receipts, orders, endorsements, and speeches; and that "about a thousand have been brought to light for the first time and have never appeared in print" before, while many more have heretofore been scattered in inaccessible places. The book assuredly reflects immense industry in searching archives, autograph-dealers' catalogues, private collections, and other sources, and it cannot be neglected by the minuter students of Lincoln.

A typical bit of Mr. Hertz's enterprise is his discovery that both the Nicolay and Hay and Tandy-Gettysburg editions of Lincoln's works gave only one-third of his House speech of Jan. 5, 1848, on the mails; the remainder, in the *Congressional Globe* report, having been obscured by an interruption. Another bit of enterprise lay in obtaining from the heirs of John Bright a set of resolutions on the Civil War, to be adopted by public meetings in England, which Lincoln wrote in his own hand and sent to Bright through Charles Sumner. Several elaborate legal briefs by Lincoln, showing just how he argued his cases, are published for the first time. There is an interesting new letter on Lincoln's friend and protegé, Elmer Ellsworth. An amusing exchange of notes between Lincoln and Stanton on the appointment of a chaplain, eight in all, ending with Stanton's defiant "I will not," appears for the first time. Mr. Hertz has been fortunate enough to obtain a complete annotated list of the letters and documents in the Lincoln Collection of the Library of Congress, deeded by Robert T. Lincoln with a proviso that they were not to be opened till twenty-five years after the donor's death. Mingled with materials of such unquestionable values are a mass of perfectly trivial and negligible letters, telegrams, receipts, and endorsements. There are also a number of irritating excerpts from alleged conversations which Lincoln held with others, which Mr. Hertz includes without any footnotes to explain their source or the authority he has for regarding them as veracious. Indeed, this second volume is in crying need of a little scholarly apparatus. But with all its defects and shortcomings, it is still something to be grateful for.

Books Wanted

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tius Pilate. Certainly these realists do not own all of it. Nor is there falsity in the belief which Whitman held, although he failed in his attempt to achieve it, that a race or a nation or a generation must be given ideal archetypes upon which imagination can be moulded. Such archetypes are notably lacking in contemporary literature, especially in the literature of fiction. And when writers of power and scope begin to write to please (in the best sense) as often as they write to destroy—when and if they can, we shall get the kind of book that a surprising multitude of readers are craving.

A Cartoonist Abroad

DING GOES TO RUSSIA. By JAY N. DARLING. New York: Whittlesley House. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

DING" DARLING, whose cartoons appear in the New York *Herald Tribune* and about a hundred other American newspapers, is one of those fortunate men, like William Allen White, who have been able to combine nationwide influence with life in a comparatively small Middle-Western city. Here is one of the rare cases in which "home town boy makes good" without clambering on the New York bandwagon.

Not that Darling would have been ruined, or, indeed, fundamentally changed, if he had lugged his drawing board to Manhattan instead of sticking to Des Moines. Not that Iowa, or any other thickly populated neighborhood, has quite the unique local quality which it may have had a generation or two ago. But the corn belt which produced George Ade and Tarkington and John McCutcheon, and a little further West, "Bill" White and the somewhat younger Darling, did cherish a certain sound common sense and folksy friendliness, an old-fashioned Americanism, rather more than some other regions—a good deal more than does "Broadway," let us say, today. It was a specialty of the house.

It was these qualities, characteristic of Ding's political and social cartoons, which he took to Russia with him, along with his humor and first-class reporter's eye. He went, moreover, with no ax to grind, with none of the preoccupations of the many who have made of revolutionary Russia a sort of literary business or more or less sentimental fad, but merely for curiosity and the fun of the thing, like any other busy newspaper man on vacation. The result, despite, or possibly because of its lack of pretense, is that it is one of the most useful books yet written about present-day Russia, as it is one of the most entertaining.

Mr. Darling felt quite at home in the Russian country—he travelled clear down to Baku and back—it was so much like Iowa and the Dakotas. He liked the people, and was touched by their kindliness and the incredible patience with which they put up with a standard of living which would seem unbearably crude to most American day-laborers. He saw their loss of liberty, the manner in which the individual is wholly subordinated to the state, the frightful price paid for the accomplishments of the Revolution, but found that for the mass of Russians their losses are largely made up for by the acquisition of something they didn't have in the old days—hope.

He doesn't find Russia nearly as Red as it has been painted. There are wild and whirling things, to be sure, but if you substitute "industrial self-support" for "winning the war" as an objective, and make due allowance for inherent differences, the present Russian phenomena are not so vastly different, he thinks, in essence, from those, including all the hysteria and intolerance that went with them, which were to be found in the United States in 1917-18.

Such a bogy—for certain foreigners—as the Five Year Plan, looks very different when viewed in terms of Russian facts instead of through incandescent propaganda for or against it. Suppose it does succeed—and Mr. Darling assumes that in a certain external sense, at least, it will succeed—or suppose that many successive such plans similarly succeed? The hunger for goods and comforts on the part of a people which can absorb, for years, possibly generations to come, everything from neckties to motor highways and from locomotives to lipsticks, removes these plans, in Mr. Darling's judgment, from the field of a "menace" to other nations. High-pressure salesmanship, including fear and hate campaigns against the foreigners who are assumed to be threatening Russia, is needed to drive the inert mass into making these plans function at all, but the ultimately vital thing for the simple worker is a better life, and when he has achieved this, or seems on the way to achieving it, it will be time for other nations to copy Bolshevik theory, as such.

Not that Mr. Darling, although frankly "bourgeois," looks at things at home with complacency. He is thoroughly aware, as nobody familiar with his daily cartoons needs to be told, of all sorts of things undone and badly done in the United States, of stupidity and injustice. He notes with humor how little the Russian worker misses his former leaders and bosses, however useful their trained intelligence may have been to him, and he hopes that those now on top in America will never need to learn, after a violent upset, how little they would be missed. And when he sees the pathetic hunger of the Russian masses for ordinary, everyday amusement, he cannot "resist the reflection that there is something radically wrong with the American youth who, with all the facilities for amusement at his command, has to stay up all night and whet his jaded spirits with synthetic gin and spiked beer in order to feel that he has had a good time."

Ding can smile at Ham Fish, but he also takes into account those routine functions of a civilized society which many ingenious visitors to Russia seem to forget when they see Bolshevik efforts at social reform standing out clearly against what is frequently a fifteenth century background. He doesn't begin to turn handsprings at the first sight of a Russian clinic and forget our own or what such a capitalistic by-product as the Rockefeller Institute is doing to relieve suffering; knowing something of supervised recreation in his own country, he isn't as shocked as some other Americans might be at Communist endeavors in this direction; and while a Soviet agronom, telling peasants the merits of deep plowing, may be an encouraging sight, Ding knows his corn belt well enough to know how much good advice has poured out for decades from Federal and State agricultural departments in our own country and how much it is generally heeded.

Collective farming, the younger generation, money, propaganda, politics, religion, the five-day week, travel conditions, are among the subjects touched on, each handled in the same breezy, humorous, shrewd, and sensible way, with his own extraordinarily interesting drawings every few pages. All of these drawings say a lot, especially to those who know Russia, and here and there a single phrase does, too, as when he observes that the swing of the pendulum in religion was "physical, not metaphysical."

And some of the incidents reported put a whole chapter of exposition into a picture or a paragraph. Among them, for instance, is that of the workman in one of the $75,000,000 industrial plants being rushed to completion as part of the Five Year Plan, using a brand new $20,000 gas-blast furnace to warm his cup of tea. And when the 10-cent skillet on which he was trying to balance his tea-kettle didn't work and burned his fingers, one of the crowd of supposedly busy workmen who were intently watching the operation, took the skillet over to a "huge $40,000 pneumatic trip-hammer, stepped on a lever, and flattened the pan into a pancake turnover with a blow that would have forged an automobile crank-shaft out of a block of raw steel!"

Illustration by JAY N. DARLING for his "Ding Goes to Russia."

The Indispensable Weed

A HISTORY OF SMOKING. By COUNT CORTI. Translated by PAUL ENGLAND. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES FUCHS

FROM the heights of civilization to which we have attained, historical retrospects are always melancholy, more or less, for they are backward glances upon generations that had to go without. Some of these retrospects are not only melancholy but difficult feats of a reconstructive imagination. To conceive of fifty generations of Christians without a single package of Virginia Straights among them—to imagine another fifty generations of ancient pagans that never smoked, except on their funeral pyres, is difficult indeed. Fancy an entire nation—the ancient Egyptians—making box-trade a specialty by expending millions upon the secure boxing and storaging of their kings, yet living and dying without ever seeing an Egyptian cigarette!

Such was life in the dark ages, until late in the reign of Queen Elizabeth of happy memory. Four centuries ago, two articles, now of well-nigh universal consumption in both hemispheres, were utterly unknown, except in America scarcely known then itself: tobacco and the potato. Their conquest of every part of the globe has been so thorough-paced that a kind of stupefaction takes hold of us when we try to present to our minds the picture of a great nation without them. Both began their eastward tour around the globe at the same time, in the third quarter of the sixteenth century. Both were derided, written down, and viewed with considerable alarm. Strange to say, the more obviously useful of the two, the potato, limped three quarters of a century behind its rival in this globe-circling race for universal acceptance—around 1700, tobacco had won the battle in Christendom and Islam against formidable odds, but the potato was still struggling for headway on the Continent at the outbreak of the Seven Years' War. And among the English of the Regency sixty years later, potatoes were not quite considered *bong tong*, because of their low Irish antecedents.

Between the third quarter of the sixteenth and the first quarter of the eighteenth centuries lies the history of the tobacco conquest, from England and Holland to farthest Araby and Hindustan. There are plenty of documents attesting its grotesque, exciting, and wildly improbable career, most learnedly and interestingly dealt with in this volume. Queen Elizabeth had a distaste for the weed, and her successor, the Solomon of the North, was thrown by its smell into fits of choler. He did not only write against it—he even descended into the arena of Oxford University as a disputant against its use, before an amused and admiring public of dons and students. To understand the vehement tone and temper of early anti-tobacco literature, the historical settings of the new import should be kept in mind:

A vile association was connected with "tobacco drinking"—it was an Indian remedy against venereal disease. Poor qualities of Virginia leaf were smoked in un-

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attractive clay pipes. Steep prices made out of the habit an economic menace. The system of local restrictions and taboos in the use of tobacco was slow in developing. The omnipresence of its flavors, in default of our present-day system of restrictions, accentuated the invasive character of the habit, which, for a hundred and fifty years after its European inception, was attacked on economic, hygienic, esthetic, and even on religious grounds. Of the battles tobacco had to fight before its legalization as an endemic need, the author of the volume now before us in an excellent English version gives a fascinating account.

One of the queerest circumstances in the history of the weed is the savage and long continued enmity it encountered throughout Islam. In the imagination of modern Christendom, a Turk without his chibouk, an Egyptian without his cigarette, a Syrian or Persian without his nargileh are incomplete specimens of their racial type. Yet nothing, as Count Corti shows, can be more certain than this:

> During the Thirty Years War, when all of Germany was wrapt in the acrid fumes of a horrible home-grown product, when Holland and England derived considerable revenues and French society a shocked amusement from the spread of the habit, Sultan Murad, in 1633, published an edict forbidding the use of tobacco under penalty of death. In Moscow, in 1643, a German traveller, Adam Olearius, found all manner of Russians, masters and servants alike, addicted to smoking. Even a poor man prefers to spend his last penny on tobacco rather than on bread. . . . Owing to the carelessness of smokers, many houses were burned to the ground. . . . Consequently, in 1634, the sovereign, at the instigation of the Patriarch, issued an order, strictly forbidding the sale of tobacco. Offenders are usually sentenced to slitting of the nostrils, the bastinado, or the knout; those convicted of taking snuff have their noses torn away. We ourselves have met with many victims of each of these forms of torture, which were inflicted alike on men and women.

From this attitude of civil reform to the one of American and European military authorities recognizing the inalienable right of the soldier to his 'baccy, there is a long road of picturesque incident, to which a more expert guide than Count Corti cannot be found. His book, in the present American version, is a feast of entertaining and instructive anecdote, and a delight to the eye as well, inasmuch as it is adorned with what the jacket truthfully calls a regular Lord Mayor's show of curious illustrations.

After Reconstruction

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE CIVIL WAR. Volume IV: 1878-88. By ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLZER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $5.25.

Reviewed by A. M. SCHLESINGER

THE writers of full-length American histories have ventured at their peril into the period after Reconstruction. Schouler and McMaster stopped short of these years, while James Ford Rhodes, who ignored all the danger signals, wrote two volumes on the period 1877-1909 which made even his admirers forget the greatness of his first seven volumes. That Oberholtzer put off the evil day as long as possible is indicated by the fact that he devoted the first three of his projected five-volume set to the period 1865-78, leaving the crowded years of the remainder of the century to be dealt with in but two volumes. One may well sympathize with the difficulties which confronted him in writing the present work, which is intended to cover the decade 1878-88.

The Civil War having been liquidated before the volume opens, a central theme is lacking, or at least the author has failed to find one. The multiplicity of events and personages seems to bewilder him, pulling his attention in many directions. Sometimes he seizes desperately on a single episode like the Chinese question in California, to which he gives more than one hundred of his 718 pages of text. Other events and developments, more important at the time as well as in the eyes of later generations, he ignores or slights. Thus, literature and the fine arts, which he treated in the earlier period, are wholly omitted in this one; and immigration, the labor movement, trust development, public education, and the organized charity movement are given only the sketchiest notice. Labor receives mention only when labor leaders become busy bodies and trouble makers. Education, though discussed in connection with the Indians and the Negroes, is nowhere envisaged or presented as a great transforming movement affecting all classes of American society.

The volume, it must be confessed, gives the impression of an enormous notebook, painstakingly compiled and prematurely put into print. This impression is strengthened by the author's literary style which, though called "delightful" and "vivid" by certain other reviewers, seems to me to show clear signs of having been contaminated by Dr. Oberholtzer's close reading of Cleveland's state papers. Admitting that the historian's style is an occupational disease, I know no other professional practitioner who could write (for instance) such a sentence as this:

> The subject was put upon a definite and certain basis finally by the land-in-severalty law, of February 8, 1887, which provided for the cutting up of the reservations and the allotment of a certain number of acres to each member of the resident tribe, to be held in trust for him for twenty-five years, usually known as the "Dawes Act," since Senator Dawes of Massachusetts was its prominent advocate.

Incidentally, this statement gives a somewhat misleading idea of the terms of the law.

The special attribute of this as well as the first three volumes is the author's effort to present occurrences with only such comment as may have been made contemporaneously — a sort of *Literary Digest* method of treating history. But even here the reader needs to be on his guard, for Dr. Oberholtzer has profound convictions as to what constitute "the correct principles of government" and has little patience with those whose views are different. Thus, he instructs the reader that bimetallists were "hazy theorists," the purposes of the Molly Maguires were "socialist and anarchist," the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was "an instrument to foment a spirit of discontent," the Bland-Allison Act "this folly," and the single-tax theory "communism" and "socialism."

The chief merit of the work is its treatment of party struggles and presidential elections, in which respects it is both thorough and thoroughly impartial. The author has made effective use of data drawn from pamphlets, official records, and, to some extent, newspapers, as well as of information derived from the personal papers of Cleveland, Sherman, Gresham, and other political figures. As in the earlier volumes, he also gives special attention to developments in the West and the new South. Consulted with discretion, the book will prove a useful reference work for serious readers of American history.

Arthur M. Schlesinger is professor of history at Harvard University. He is a member of the board of editors of the "New England Quarterly Journal of Economics and Business History," the author of numerous books, and the editor with D. K. Fox, of the extensive series entitled "A History of American Life."

"If the world knows nothing of its greatest men, we shall during the year hear a good deal of the second-greatest," says the London *Observer*, "for Goethe, Sir Walter Scott, John Locke, Sir Christopher Wren, George Washington, Haydn, Pepys, and Lewis Carroll all appear in its centenary list. The shades of Warren Hastings and George Washington, born in the same year, might have an interesting, if not very cheerful, chat on the position Then and Now."

"1066 and All That," an account of history as it might have been, by W. G. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman, has been adapted for the stage, and will be produced in London shortly.

Pessimism Vindicated

ESSAYS IN PERSUASION. By JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932.

Reviewed by JACOB VINER
University of Chicago

BEHOLD an economist who in this year of little grace for economic prophets presents a dated collection of his economic prophecies since 1919, not in the role of a sinner driven by an inner compulsion to repent in public, but with pride in his record and regret only that the world should have been under the governance of statesmen, bankers, business men, and labor leaders too stupid to follow his advice. The pride is in large part justified, even if a little veiling would have made it more becoming. Keynes has been since 1919 predicting serious economic difficulties for the world at large and England in particular if the proper steps were not taken to regulate the currency; reduce the burden of reparations and inter-allied debts to manageable proportions; remove some of the barriers to international trade; and, in general, by raising world prices to the level of English costs, make the world safer for the pound sterling and English trade. He won more attention from statesmen and bankers than has ever before in recent years been given to any economist. He failed, however, to secure their active acceptance and promotion of his policies. And now the world is enduring the woes he had predicted while pursuing more vigorously than ever the practices which he has condemned.

This record for a prophet would appear an excellent one. It may be objected, however, that between 1922 and 1929 a large portion of the world was getting along very well, better, in fact, than ever before, while following policies diametrically opposed to those which Keynes advocated. There was after all a new economic era, judged in terms of past experience, and for those countries which enjoyed it its only serious drawback was its brevity That currency mismanagement, tariff orgies, perverse policies of government finance, and excessive reparations and inter-allied debt claims were undermining this prosperity and were limiting its geographical incidence even while it was under way, and that these factors were responsible in large part for the intensity and duration of the collapse which followed, no economist outside of France has to my knowledge denied. But any economist—and there were many such—who in the period 1922 to 1929 predicted an impending economic crisis, but who maintained a cautious reticence as to the date when that crisis would make its appearance, would have established for himself a basis for satisfactory claims for his prophetic capacity. In fact, this would have been true at any time during the last two centuries. In any case, all that was necessary in the post-war period to establish a successful record as a prophet was a pessimistic temperament, an absence of confidence in the wisdom of our political and financial rulers, patience, and indefiniteness as to the date at which the impending doom would fall. All of these qualities Keynes displayed in high degree.

I am nevertheless convinced, and I find that most of the economists, English, Continental, and American, with whom I have discussed these matters, are convinced, that in his diagnosis of the world's situation and in the remedies which he proposed for its already existent and impending ills, Keynes was substantially and brilliantly right. On only one major item in his record, an item not exhibited in this book, do I believe that he was seriously wrong, namely, his vigorous campaign to persuade England to adopt a protective tariff, and thus seek relief by eating a hair of one of the dogs that were biting it. While at the time he failed in this as in other phases of his propaganda, he undoubtedly contributed greatly to a further weakening of the already waning faith of the English public in the virtues of free trade, and thus indirectly contributed his bit to the subsequent entrance of England into the crowded ranks of tariff sinners.

But where Keynes stands head and shoulders above other economists is as a propagandist. This book demonstrates his capacity for vigorous and sustained polemic, undiluted by academic scruples to disclose all the qualifications and the uncertainties of his logical argument, his command of a forceful, flexible, and imaginative prose style, his fearlessness in assigning to his opponents their appropriately low intelligence quotas, his ability to disturb the unearned complacency of statesmen and bankers. In spite of these qualities, however, he has completely failed in his task. Alas for the world, these "Essays in Persuasion" have so far been unsuccessful essays in persuasion. But economists have rarely, if ever, succeeded in persuading the world that theirs were the right paths to economic salvation. Perhaps what the world has needed, and most urgently needs today, is a few more Keynes.

Jacob Viner, who is a professor in the University of Chicago, is an expert on international financial problems such as the inter-allied debts, the distribution of the world's gold supply, etc.

"The gift of making impromptu verses is not a rare one," says H. W. Paull, writing in *John o' London's Weekly*," and is sometimes possessed by those who are destitute of any real poetic faculty. At the same time it is but natural that those who are poets should possess the gift more commonly. Indeed, many poems are known to have been written at white heat without pause; but they are not usually published until their authors, for the sake of their reputation, have subjected them to meticulous polishing. Moreover, there is something derogatory in the idea of producing verses "while you wait," which would account for the rarity of published extempore poems. As a rule they are not of a high order of merit.

"Not to go back farther than the eighteenth century, Swift had a taste for impromptu rhyming, as appears in his Journal to Stella. For example, rebuking her use of thin paper, he writes:—

> If prefer he thin
> Ink will slip in;
> But if it be thick,
> You may write with a stick."

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

MARY'S NECK. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. *Doubleday, Doran.*

A tale, written in Mr. Tarkington's wonted vein of mellow humor and satire, wherein is displayed the American vacationist upon his native heath.

ESSAYS IN PERSUASION. By JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES. *Harcourt, Brace.*

Essays on the economic future of the society of nations.

DING GOES TO RUSSIA. By JAY N. DARLING. *Whittlesey.*

A cartoonist's trip through the Soviet republic forms the subject matter of interesting portrayal both in words and picture.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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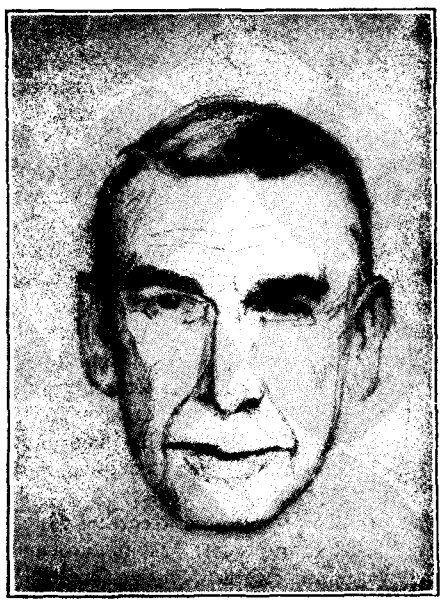
The Philistine Observes

MARY'S NECK. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

MARY'S NECK is a peninsula on the coast of Northern New England, which is occupied during the summer by a colony of prosperous visitors. Such a resort, where people spend an entire season with nothing to do but follow fads and gossip about each other, is a perfect happy hunting ground for humors and absurdities; and there can be nobody who does not know Mr. Tarkington as a mighty hunter of such game. He shows us Mary's Neck through the eyes of Mr. Massey, a Middle Westerner in his own familiar manner, kindly, contented, hopelessly Philistine himself, but with a vague respect for the



BOOTH TARKINGTON.

artistic aspirations of his wife and daughters, and provincial above all things. Mr. Massey is at first merely bewildered and homesick in this new world of reticent Maine natives, aloof Easterners, and rocky landscapes, but by the end of the book he has learned to love the austere houses and minds of New England, just as the hero of "The Gentleman from Indiana" learned to love the fat flatness and the impertinent kindness he encountered in Mr. Tarkington's Indiana.

For Mr. Tarkington's humor is, as always, of the most genial and mellow; he can laugh at a thing without thinking the worse of it. If the examples of modern art which Mr. Massey encountered at the summer exhibition were ridiculous, as they very likely were, Mr. Massey's views on art were certainly still more ridiculous; yet one can read the episode of the art exhibit without condemning either art or Mr. Massey; for the first time one can see the bourgeois idea of art displayed without being called on to take sides against either Babbitt or Bunthorne. The only incident in which Mr. Tarkington indulges in satiric condemnation (and also approaches formula) is that in which Mr. Massey's acquaintances grow more and more drunk as they discuss the effect of prohibition on their children in maudlin circles of argument. But even this is lightened by delicious humor, as when one of the ladies says, "Mrs. Carmichael is a perfect martyr to him, because she can hold so much more without showing it than he can." Mr. Tarkington cannot escape the traditional English delight in a drunken man.

This geniality and unwillingness to criticize adversely form the book's pleasantest quality, but they may be its weakness also. For in spite of the numerous events and the continuous fun, the impression one receives at first is that the book is slighter than its author's earlier work. When one stops to think, "Mary's Neck" is in fact quite as full-bodied as "Seventeen" or "Gentle Julia," but the impression illogically persists. It can only be that fashions in humor have changed since the innocent days when Penrod wrote Wild West romances by a coal-oil lamp in the stable, and Willie Baxter struggled to be the only seventeen-year-old in town with dinner clothes. In the few long years since then a new quality has come into American humor, a bite and bitterness; these have become so universal that Mr. Tarkington, for all his extreme Middle-Westernism, seems curiously English in manner. It may be that "Mary's Neck" will find itself altogether out of fashion, for it is a book in the vein of *Punch* rather than that of the *New Yorker;* but it ought to find a public loyal to its author, for it is a warm and pleasant book, and there are not many being written that try for that praise.

Witless Young People

RUN, SHEEP, RUN. By MAXWELL BODENHEIM. New York: Liveright, Inc. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

IT is difficult to write of this novel with a proper detachment. The first two parts of it contain some of the worst writing I have ever read; the last part is good sincerity, but plodding fiction. The book belongs, I suppose somewhere in the middle of the last decade. It is born old.

Mr. Bodenheim's hero is a young man of revolutionary sympathies; he lives in New York with a poetess; his friends are partly communist, partly bourgeois, and perfectly dull; he is present when his comrades fly helplessly before the police in Union Square; and leaves in disgust for the southern cotton-mills, there to learn that Revolution must come from the workers, not the theorists, and that the best mate for him is an Irish laundry girl.

The first two parts of the story are not very clearly stated: and my impression of them is, I think, pardonably vague. It seemed to me that if a late and very minor Greek anthologist had written his account of an early Christian *agape*, and if he had been translated by a man without much classical education or any instinctive discipline, the result (stylistically at least) could hardly have been worse. Two quotations should suffice:

> She slid down from his lap, and their bodies hunted for a free-verse poem more than flesh and playfully less than shame. . . . The circle of her was an intonation concealed within a suppression of flesh never quite betrayed, and his fingers, touching it, discovered the harmonic triad of release.

Like the circle of the lady's waist, the meaning of this passage is never quite betrayed: but vocabulary and cadence proclaim it as a sort of literary *pollutio*, or the public indulgence of private fancies.

> The laugh was like the sound of tin cans knocked down by an accidental bitterness.

Mr. Bodenheim, it seems, has temporarily fallen into that state where his worth as a novelist can be quite accurately judged by the quality of his prose. His prose is very bad.

I say "temporarily" because there is still some hope for Mr. Bodenheim; there is no reason why he should date himself, as he does in "Run, Sheep, Run." But there it is. Young people who have nothing to say for themselves and who spend their time being very private in public, belong to an unhappy past. A good deal of paper, boards, jacket designs, patience, and public money has been wasted on them: we know them now to be ineffectual and unrepresentative—too witless for comedy, too dull for satire, too uncreative for parody. Mr. Bodenheim's young people are of this order.

And the sociological novel — perhaps that is dated too. The third part of this book, it seems, has a message for us, and there are writers of some eminence, but no perceptible future, who believe in messages. But sociology is not amenable to an artistic discipline: when George Romaine arrives in the cotton-mills, and Mr. Bodenheim grows sober, the style (and therewith the story) changes from over-decoration to a sort of over-development. It becomes muscle-bound, inflexible—is less active than knotted. And this, I most firmly believe, is because it has not its own justification; there is a sense of duty in it. There is something about working conditions, and something about the American revolution, which Mr. Bodenheim thinks we *ought* to know. And "ought" will harden the arteries of any story.

A European Anthology

THE EUROPEAN CARAVAN. Edited by SAMUEL PUTNAM. New York: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by GEORGE MOREBY ACKLOM

EXCEPT to discover and herald a new planet in the literary sky, there is hardly anything that a critic can do of more real value to letters than to interpret the current writers of other countries to the writers of his own country. It is exactly this important thing which "The European Caravan," the first volume of which has just been published, attempts to do by means of a carefully selected Anthology of typical examples, in translation, with critical introductions and biographical notices.

Mr. Samuel Putnam, the editor and compiler, has approached his task with a high seriousness, with sympathy, and knowledge. He has spent the last eight years studying the post-war literature of Europe and the personalities of its authors; and his own translations, of which there are many in the volume, speak eloquently of his literary capacity. Mr. Putnam's part of the work is, in fact, all that could be desired, and his review of the changes in aims, methods, and values which the war brought about is concentrated, stimulating, and instructive. Similarly, his collaborators, Messrs. Berge, Jean Cassou, Caballero, and Bronowski, write with reasonableness, lucidity, and critical detachment.

All of which makes the surprise and disappointment the greater when we pass from the apparatus to the actual selections which make up the Anthology itself; for it is hard to accept as worthy of so much conscientious critical consideration—or, indeed, of such excellent translation—many of these examples of clamorous nonsense and puerile exhibitionism which constitute so large a portion of the material.

It is only fair to Mr. Putnam to say that in the case of the foreign language authors he has barred out the better known on the ground that they are already accessible in translation. This, of course, accounts for the omission of such writers as André Gide and Proust, and commits him to the presentation of the smaller men—though it hardly accounts for the inclusion of little sub-mediocrities, some of whom have not published a single book, in the English language section. Mr. Putnam is further handicapped by his self-set task of exhibiting the "new" spirit—that is to say, the literature of revolt and protest, of mental disintegration and of discontinuity, rather than the work of the minds who have continued to write, or begun to write, since the war along the accepted lines and with the proven methods. The volume, therefore, tends to be a collection of curiosities, a museum of the abnormal, rather than a representative exhibit of the best that has been done in the post-war decade.

Dada, the joint child of Tzara, Picabia, Vaché, and Breton, we have already known, and laughed out of America even before it achieved its swift dissolution in Europe. Its successor, "Super-realism," counting among its prophets Delteil, Picasso, and Ernst, as well as some of the original Dadaists, and with its slogan "pure thought uncontrolled by reason" (a sort of automatic writing), lasted longer and had more influence, although it was hardly less lunatic than Dada in some of its manifestations. Then have come the various reactions — Catholic, philosophical, sports-and-physical, collectivist, and so forth, to herald a return to sanity, and the decade closes with the suicide of Rigaut, a typical self-centered fantastic, whose contribution to literature totaled a couple of magazine articles.

In comparison with the vivid examples of psychic distress afforded by the French section, the Spanish section, containing as it does extracts from Pio Baroja, Unamuno, Azorin, Valle-Inclan, Machado, and Jiminez, all well known before the war, seems pleasantly sane. Even the "*Jovenes*" who are represented, with their "*Ultraismo*," though they exhibit strong traces of the French influence, show it diluted with a curious dreamlike quality or else with sheer dulness.

It is difficult to say much of the English and Irish sections. Mr. Putnam has apparently been hard put to it to find among the islanders representatives of the "new" spirit who are worthy of inclusion—except, of course, for James Joyce and one or two other obvious ones, so he has been obliged to include some very small people—though it is only just to note that some of these, notably Owens and Beckett, reveal strong Dada affinities in their verse. In fact, though nothing is easier than to criticize an anthologist for what he has, or has not, omitted, one is forced to wonder why such preëminently sane writer-artists as Virginia Woolf and Kathleen Coyle should have been included in this company, if, on the other hand, such well-known and typical after-war writers as Henry Williamson, Sassoon, and Robert Graves should be absent.

Summed up, the specific after-war tendencies in literature as here set forth appear to be: to abandon the theatre and poetry in favor of the methods of the cinema; to substitute fantasy or nonsense for humor, and sensation for sentiment; to consider each individual as unique and each moment as discontinuous and apart from all relationships. All this coupled with a frenzied desire to destroy the present social and literary structures; to reconstruct them without reference to laws or facts, and, above all, to juggle with glittering words regardless of meaning or reason.

Taking the collection of samples given us in "The European Caravan" as illustrative of the disintegration of the decade just past, it has a strong interest—largely pathological, it is true—and a definite historical and scientific value; for just as cubism and the other fearful isms have shocked or shaken some of the rigidity out of art, so, minute portions of this "new" spirit, properly diluted, will undoubtedly do something to revitalize, refresh, and recolor the whole body of literature.

Together with the later volume, which is to cover the literature of Germany, Italy, and Russia, the present one should form a valuable reference book for readers.

A friend thinks that Literature is the great enemy of Language. "Who," he says, "if it had not been for Literature, would ever have thought of attempting to clog the progress of Language by the absurd rule that a substantive must not be used as an epithet? Nothing could be more useful; and English has treated the rule with the contempt it deserves. We must have *art galleries* and *trade returns;* why not an *art pot* or a *trade finish?* Yet we still have eminent literary men solemnly denouncing as "incorrect" a usage that is not only invaluable in itself, but capable of such admirable development as the distinction between a *piano player* and a *player piano:* a distinction which shows that you do not evade the rule, and make such phrases "correct," by putting in a hyphen; the neatness of the distinction entirely depends on using with adjectival force now the one substantive and now the other. Or look at the split infinitive. Our language discovers this exquisite contrivance for giving a subtle shade of meaning, a most delicate nuance of intention: and finds the whole dead weight of Literature solid against it! If Literature were what it pretends to be, the intelligent use of Language, there would indeed be a case for caution in splitting infinitives; for if you should split all your infinitives, evidently the device would lose its peculiar efficacy: the locution would become mere common form. But that is not how the literati look at it; to them, it is "incorrect," and so—damned out of hand. Incorrect!—What would these gentry have said, and all the rest of the sticklers for correct English, if they had lived when the Anglo-Saxon inflexions were going to pieces? Imagine the indignant loathing of their protest against the incorrect grammar of the time!—But fortunately the language had no literature to speak of then: peacefully and without cultured obstruction, it changed from Anglo-Saxon into English."

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

VII. THE FLATIRON BUILDING

HUBBARD wondered if Richard Roe ever speculated about the human variousness of the directory in the lobby of the Flatiron Building. Was it thrilling to him to feel himself immersed in a hive of such wildly miscellaneous affairs? No anthology of short stories was ever so dazzlingly surprising as that bulletin board of little white letters. The biographer studied it carefully while many others, all in a hurry, paused momentarily to glance for names and went on. There were several stocking and overgaiter enterprises (what is an overgaiter?) which seemed appropriate to the old corner's ancient reputation for the exposure of shins. Hubbard noticed that the two long flanks of the building were not flat but gently rippled with shallow bays. Was it the curvature in the walls that helped to create the upward eddies of draught on the pavement?

Presumably Richard had not given much regard to the rich mundane jumble of doing suggested by that directory. A man intent on his own affairs has little leisure to waste in considering his neighbors. Richard thought of them as just so many "concerns" (a lovely word in that usage), but Hubbard, the ripples of his attention now spreading wider and wider, was growing extravagantly curious. He found it a reasonable part of his picture that RICHARD ROE. INC., was listed among the Pegasus Publishing Company, the Prim Art Company, the Tydee Lady Company, We Moderns in Education, the Ice Cream Smack Corporation, the Copy Treating Service, the Bank Vault Inspection Company, the Bureau for Prevention of Business Fraud, the Metropolitan Ping-Pong Association, the Congo Temperature Control Corporation, the American Spaniel Club. The even hospitality of chance had catered with open hands both to serious and frolicsome phases: it was pleasing to know that Richard, sitting for a hygienic tissue-wrapped tunafish sandwich in the Walgreen pharmacy on the ground floor, might have been neighbored on one side by a scientist from a legal research bureau of Johns Hopkins University and on the other by an editor of *Broadway Brevities* or the Theme Song Publishing Company.

To Richard Roe the Flatiron Building was more than a tall wedge of masonry surrounded by lewd spirals of air. He was a young man when it was built and was the talk of the town. It symbolized the crossing of Fifth Avenue and Broadway: not a union but at least a liaison. Trade was momentarily spliced with Gentility or Swank. He never outgrew the delight of that steep rounded prow that seemed to sheer the stream of traffic. No region of the city was more full of subtle appeal. The old Fifth Avenue Hotel bespoke luxurious breeding; Diana on the sky intimated the delicacies of art. Even when these perished there were still the Metropolitan Life Insurance chimes. Richard never became entirely deaf to them. He did not analyze precisely what they suggested—whether the fugitive melody of life or the recurring nature of premiums—but he liked their heavy floating toll. A great bubble of sound was struck off by the bronze concussion. It came leniently and sealed the mind inside a miraculously tiny instant of regret—a moment so precisely small that if he had ever mentioned it Richard would have called it *infetisimal*. (Minnie would have corrected it in the transcript.) Horror so gentle is almost a luxury.

So when he set up in business for himself there was no location that would have meant so much to him. He said to himself proudly that it was "A National Address." He often remarked to callers that though his office was high up it was "not too high to be in touch with humanity." This was a phrase he had picked up from the renting agent. Richard himself would never have been too high for that.

We shall have to examine the dynamics of some of his working days. Gloriously ignorant, he went on; it never occurred to him that anyone can stop. Daily he plunged into that spinning wheel of being: the rising slope of morning, the meridian pause, the afternoon decline, the revival at dusk. Quickly, quickly, Time goes in an office. Blessed anæsthesia that takes away the sins of the world: the world's only sin, which is that life perishes in every instant. The ring of telephones—each, to the practised ear, a little different from the others. The comforting rattle of typewriters; opening and closing doors; voices recognized and strange; the rumble of filing-case drawers; the rasp of an adding machine. All are medicine for solitude, postponement of that single struggle with the regardless universe which every soul is aware of and prudently evades when it can.

You came along the hallway from the elevators; a glass-paned door was lettered in black and gold: RICHARD ROE, INC., STATIONERY SPECIALTIES. Inside, the corridor continued a few feet farther. A small sign projecting above a doorway on the right said INQUIRIES. Just inside this door, to the left, was a telephone switchboard on a typewriter desk. You looked down on the delightfully undulated blonde coiffure of Jenny Hoyle who was Richard's first line of defense. Jenny was wonderful at the telephone and could manage to do a good deal of typing at the same time. She had a black loose-leaf notebook in which she kept all the numbers called most often, but her native quickness was such that she hardly ever needed to refer to it. The phrase "According to Hoyle" was a byword in the office for accuracy; you might know her a long while before you learned that her name was really spelled Hoerl. Between the two windows (this is the Broadway side of the building) was another desk, where you saw Miss Whaley in profile. Miss Whaley was stenographer and file-clerk. She took alternate dictation and chaff from all the salesmen; both in syntax and badinage she returned better than she received. She had fine cobalt eyes, relatively rare between Madison and Union Squares, and a way of murmuring a Wife of Bath repartee with the demure flush of the Prioress. This was irresistible. Miss Whaley's desk came out sideways from the wall; thus she and Jenny faced each other as they sat to their tasks, and managed a surprising amount of parenthetical conversation. Peggy Whaley's chair was on a swivel; by one graceful fluttering swerve she could rotate to the filing-cases behind her. It was believed that she did this more often when one of the salesmen happened to be in the doorway.

This room had some pleasantly feminine touches. In the corner behind Jenny was a stand on which you would see hanging two fur-collared coats, two small hats, two bright scarves. Frequently there were flowers on the filing cabinet; perhaps a gardenia or a bunch of violets keeping fresh in water for the evening. At this end, above the little wash-basin and in a corner not apparent to visitors, was a mysterious cupboard with a mirror, a curling iron, a minute brazier for canned heat, various small medicaments and antiseptics, combs, nail polishes, cold cream, eyebrow tweezers, brilliantine, cough-drops, and a wire brush that squeaked in Jenny's hair. Feminine office life is far more complicated than the average employer might suspect. Jenny Hoerl and Peggy Whaley were specially proud of the towels which by the ingenuity of some supply company were stitched in red with the legend Richard-RoeInc. sewn in one word. They had ordered these once as a Christmas present for Mr. Roe; to have the name put on they had to order more towels than so small a staff really needed. But young women's capacity for using up towels is very great, and it was an office vaunt that they were the best-washed bunch in the building.

Jenny ascertained your business; you may have lingered a little in the doorway in the hope of a chat, for the view from above of her neat parting and comely neck was agreeable, and her gaze was innocently limpid, lifted politely upward from behind the switchboard. But she had her own skilful way of forwarding you across the corridor to the Reception Room. She called it that to impress visitors; its real name was the Sample Room. On each side of the entrance were settees. Under the windows (this was on the Fifth Avenue side of the wedge) were four desks set close in a row, for the use of the salesmen when they were in the office. On the right were shelves for the exhibition of the "line." For instance the Roe Centurion Calendar: it pleased Richard to think that this would give the correct day of the week until December 31, 1999, long after any of ourselves would be likely to need it. The Calculating Blotter, in which revolving disks inserted at the corners gave the answers for all sorts of emergencies in multiplication and percentage. The Diana Ash Tray was not only a sentimental reminder in replica of the Madison Square goddess, but also had a little moistened pad which extinguished cigarettes easily—"No Smell, No Smoulder." There was the Roe Revolving Inkwell (for draughtsmen) which carried four or six different colors of ink, and of course the onyx and agate pen-stands (non-inflammable) in many colors and prices. Not least was the Roe Double-Barrel Pen (for accountants), which would write black ink at one end and red at the other. Particularly useful, the salesmen said, in times of Depression.

The whole left side of the Sample Room was taken up with a big glass-fronted case which represented a retail show-window. It was illuminated with footlights and here Mr. Balaban, Roe's young advertising expert, tried out his ideas for new window display: the colored lithograph cut-outs showing a busy executive eased of computation by the mathematical Blotter, or the young matron of fashion revelling in a jade writing-set. This show-window could be cunningly lit with variously colored bulbs, and was as much fun as a toy theatre. When Mr. Balaban had achieved the effect he liked, the set was photographed and prints sent round to the dealers. Mr. Roe, rather in awe of Mr. Balaban's talent, never dared tinker with the display himself, though he often wanted to. His own special pride was the huge flat mahogany desk in the middle of the room. This represented the nerve-center of an important "concern" and was equipped with the complete outfit known in the order-lists as *Empire State Executive*. This was a duplicate of the set—blotter, ink-well, pen-stand, calendar, ash-tray, combination paper-cutter and nail-file—given to the Governor's office at Albany. Strangers, not realizing the situation, sometimes inadvertently sat down at that desk; but the staff themselves regarded it as sacred. Horace, the office boy, was supposed to keep it dusted and in trim.

From the Sample Room a door, right, admitted to the Advertising and Accounting Department. The Advertising Department was Mr. Balaban, a tall very bass young man (growing bald), who had studied at a graduate school of Business Administration and used a difficult jargon to expound the simple cajoleries of publicity. This impressed Mr. Roe, who paid Mr. Balaban very nearly full-time salary for half-time work; he was in the office only from nine until twelve-thirty. His afternoons were spent in making other contacts; he hoped some day to start an advertising agency of his own. But he was worth what he was paid, for his ideas and copy were excellent. He was considered the artist of the office; he had a large table and drawing materials where he laid out sketches for advertising copy and window displays. On the other side of the room, his back resolutely turned upon Mr. Balaban's loud telephoning and whistling, sat Mr. Gall, the bookkeeper, who had once studied at Trinity College, Dublin. He was very bald with a fringe of bright pink floss encircling his head. He had cared for the accounts of the business since the beginning; he never wearied of Richard Roe's remark, "Charles, I wish you had more red hair and less red ink." There was something very reassuring in the solemnity with which he would cross the room, crouch down at the safe, skilfully click the dial, and take out a pile of ledgers. Round his pate mounted a steady fume of pipe-tobacco; inside it flickered a continual dance of figures, like the chorus of a revue, conducted by an imaginary leader called Cash Position. Occasionally Mr. Gall would have a sudden mechanical spasm with a pencil-grinder or an adding-engine; otherwise he was little heard from until five p.m., when he put his books away and became suddenly sociable. The world of business passes through a delicious transformation at that hour. Sometimes one of the salesmen would bring out a bottle of gin, as is permissible after office hours. Mr. Gall's pale blue eyes shone. He had been brought up on the genuine Hollands variety; gin still was to him a pure aromatic cordial which gentlemen drank neat. His austere and confiding mind had scarcely realized that the modern chemical was only a sort of household ammonia, fit for scrubbing tiles. Consequently one Lily cup of this caustic soda threw him into a fever of human-kindness. He would never take a drink until he was sure that both Richard Roe and the office boy had left: "Roe et puero maxima reverentia debet" he would say, though no one knew what he meant. But as the boy left promptly at five he did not have to wait very long. He would tell anecdotes to Minnie and the two girls for as long as they would linger.

Minnie's room was on the Broadway side. It had one of those shallow bulges looking off over Madison Square. There were three doors, by which she commanded the whole suite. One, usually kept open, terminated the entrance corridor. Just outside this was a little alcove, where Horace had his table and chair with materials for parcels and shelves of office supplies. Another door connected with Mr. Gall and Mr. Balaban; and the third into Richard Roe's big room in the very nose of the building. In Minnie's room the little wash-stand was discreetly hidden behind a screen. Her desk was placed with strategic skill. It was against the partition between her room and that of Jenny and Peggy. Jenny's clear voice was audible: Minnie could often identify a telephone call before Jenny plugged it through and had a fraction of time to prepare for it, which is sometimes great advantage. She could keep an eye on the office boy, through the open doorway into the passage. She could hear, but not be seen by, any visitors who were shown into the Sample Room.

There was a buzzer from Richard Roe's desk to Minnie's. Sometimes, on days of high pressure, it was used very often. Then there would be long intervals when she would get anxious. She had a little trick of her own at such times. She would look over her left shoulder at the figure of Diana on the tower of Madison Square Garden. By concentrating her mind on Diana and uttering some private runes of her own she could sometimes—or so it seemed—compel Richard to press the signal. She never told him that until after the statue had gone—"and left a lonely place against the sky."

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Advertising—Leading or Misleading

By BEN RAY REDMAN

THE answers elicited from more than 1,400 book buyers by the *Saturday Review* questionnaire of December 19, 1931, are all interesting and informative, but there are two that must be described as profoundly disturbing. Indeed, they constitute an indictment of one phase of publishing that can be ignored by no publisher who has his own best interests at heart; and, since publishers are even as you and I, this means that it can be ignored by none. A voice has spoken in words that cannot be misunderstood. Has it spoken truth, and if it has, what can be done?

In response to the first query of the questionnaire, "Are you buying as many books as ever?", it will be remembered that only 438 readers entered an affirmative answer, while 920 replied "No." There followed questions calculated to expose the causes of decreased purchasing. Was lack of buying power to blame? Radio and movies? Magazines? A confusing multiplicity of titles? Declining quality of books bought? Fall in moral tone of literature? High prices? Reprints as a substitute for new books? Lending libraries? Limited shelf-room? Book clubs?—Each of these was, according to the replies, a contributary cause; but in no case did the figures indicate that the prime one had been exposed. Then came two questions: "Do you find that publisher's advertising is too full of overstatements to continue to enlist your faith?"; "Do you find that publisher's advertising is dishonest in its appeal?" And a chorus of 1,050 voices shouted "Yes" to the first inquiry, with only 257 making a meek disclaimer, while 734 were ready to state bluntly that they considered book advertising dishonest, and only 421 were willing to say that they did not. It was as though a hidden, unsuspected mine had been touched off. Well might the publisher who had always considered himself an honest merchant pinch himself in the hope that eyes and ears had tricked him.

But he will pinch in vain. From *Saturday Review* subscribers in cities, towns, villages, and lonely farms, the word has come; from all the states in the Union: "We have read publisher's advertising, and the truth is not in it. May the Lord deliver us." The mere ayes and noes of the questionnaire do not carry the full force of the accusation; it is when we turn to the thousand supplementary notes and letters, accompanying the answers, that we feel the blast. The scraps of paper are a chilling blizzard, blowing from all quarters.—From North Carolina: "Some publishers ought to be indicted for using the mails to defraud." From New Mexico: "I have never bought a book on the strength of publisher's advertising; in fact I make it a point to steer clear of those most lavishly promoted." From New York: "I pay no attention to publisher's ads. except bare statement of title, author, price, etc." From Ohio: "I pay little attention to glowing words." From Michigan: "I shun book-ads in gigantic headlines." From Alabama: "Successful merchants tell the truth and tie their customers to them. All we readers need is just plain old time honesty." The blizzard thickens: "One can only say of book advertising to-day that it is atrocious." "I object very strongly to the exuberance of advertising." "The publisher's word for a book has become meaningless." "Too many fake claims fool a reader only once or twice." "Publisher's advertising I just ignore." "We are quite sickened by the increasingly frenetic note of book advertisers." Over and over again, the same thought expressed in different words. Further quotation would be pointless; the charge is plain, and its gravity cannot be dodged. The first question is, is it justified? And the second, what can be done about it?

That it is not wholly justified I am convinced, and I think that those who have made the charge would agree to this upon further study of the subject. They have indulged in the very kind of overstatement that they so roundly condemn. When they say "publisher's advertising" they really mean *some* publisher's advertising. They have been sufficiently impressed by the bad to overlook the good. And that is the important fact to keep in mind, whether or not we agree with them. How much book advertising is good, and how much is bad, I do not pretend to calculate; but we have before us proof that enough of it is bad to convince the large majority of a group of intelligent book buyers that it is all untrustworthy. And that is an unfortunate situation for the publishing business. Correction is plainly called for. What kind of advertising is it that has produced this impression, and can that kind be largely eliminated?

At this point certain protests may easily be made. What *can* be done about it? Is not most advertising misleading, and much of it dishonest, in every field? Has not the great American public learned to discount it, and laugh at it, and even make its absurdity the springboard for a humorous magazine? Has the practice of advertising every cigarette as the best hurt the cigarette industry? So long as publishers continue to issue inferior books, how can their advertising be anything but misleading? They must sell their wares. And so long as there are as many publishers as there are, how can the flow of inferior books be checked? There are not enough good ones to go around. Finally, aren't the readers of the *Saturday Review* just a little naive in their demands?

There is some point to every one of these protests. That advertisers in other fields set publishers a bad example is unquestionable. But what of it? That too many inferior books are published is a fact, and that there are too many publishers is highly probable. We can only hope that the law of supply and demand may remedy that evil. And here it may not be impertinent to remark that there is no business, of importance, in which incompetence can survive so long on a small capital as in the publishing business. A man may publish ten "flops" and then, with one lucky hit, the success of which is in no way due to his own judgment, gather in sufficient profit to enable him to publish another succession of worthless volumes. The situation is unique. A similar opportunity certainly does not exist in the steel or the automobile business; it does not exist even in the theatrical business, for the failures are too costly. Such publishers can never be numerous, but we must face the fact that a certain number of them will always manage to survive without ever learning their jobs. *Saturday Review* readers demand honest advertising from them, but their honesty, however rigorous it may be, is worth nothing: they simply cannot tell a good book from a bad one. Their claims, which appear misleading or dishonest, are only unintelligent. As for the bad advertising of the other, intelligent, publishers, it is in the main merely slipshod and ill-advised. Let us look at it.

The easiest way to advertise anything is by using superlatives, and, in the case of books, a simple formula is to fall back upon quotation from "authorities." The result of this practice is that pages of book advertising are frequently nothing more than a howling, shrieking mass of words. Each advertiser, instead of trying to tell his customers precisely what it is he has for sale, is trying to shout down every other advertiser. (Remember, I am talking from now on of the *bad* advertising that has impressed *Saturday Review* readers; you have read plenty of excellent copy, and so have I.) Adjectives run riot: Superb, Thrilling, Magnificent, Brilliant, Astonishing, Absorbing, Daring, Arresting, Unique, Devastating. Reckless exaggerations abound:—The Novel of the Year, The Greatest Book in Its Field, The Triumph of Modern Biography, The Supreme Accomplishment of His Career. Expert witnesses jostle one another:—Mr. X says: "The most moving novel I have read in months."—Mr. Y says: "I remember nothing like it."—Miss Z says: "Sure to be a success." It is a war of words and witnesses, and the astonishing fact is that the words and witnesses marshaled by every publisher appear to the casual eye to be exactly the same. Each publisher has the same adjectives at his command, plucked from the mouths of the same experts. It is a shouting match, and nobody wins because all contestants have a common vocabulary and identical lung-power. (Not the same amount of money with which to buy space, you may say; but one can be as noisy in a cell as in a palace.) Naturally the effect of all this is that the intelligent reader shuts his eyes and claps hands to his ears.

We, however, who at this point are pledged to keep eyes and ears open, must note the result of this strange technique; multitudes of book advertisements are made to look astonishingly alike; when we have read one we have read a thousand. Yet books are not alike. Each, whether good or bad, has its own character; and no book, however excellent, is calculated to appeal to all readers. Why, then, do publishers so frequently exhibit an appalling lack of discrimination? Why are they content to advertise a book in stock words and phrases, instead of distilling its essential juices and giving the public a provocative taste? Why are they eager to build their advertisements around any well known name, however empty the words uttered by the possessor of that name may be? Why do they so often persist in making book advertising pages, which might be highly interesting and definitely informative, a monotonous pageant of meaningless superlatives? It is not that they have nothing definite and informative to say, but simply that they do not take the trouble to say it. It is not that they are defeated by the mediocrity of their own publishing choices, for they frequently give their best books no better treatment than their mediocre ones. It must be that they take the easiest way.

They (the writers of *bad* advertising) have simplified advertising to a point at which it has become ineffective. Instead of taking the trouble to inform the public as to the real, unique nature of any given book, they have fallen back upon the facile practice of collecting "quote lines." And how easy it is! Anyone who has ever written publisher's advertising knows that it is possible to assemble magnificent, superb, thrilling "quotes" for the worst book that ever disgraced a list. True, they cannot always be found in the dicta of the "leading critics," but if the leaders fail it is always possible to search afield, and the harvest is invariably rich. So the Omaha *Cry*, the Marysville *Register*, and the Paducah *Intelligencer* are mustered to the confusion of innocent book purchasers. The practice discredits all advertising by quotation, as does the even more vicious practice of extracting phrases and words which sound favorable from reviews that are essentially unfavorable. "This might have been a magnificent novel," says Mr. X, "if the author had not been carried away by race prejudice." And in the delighted publisher's advertisement we read: "'A magnificent novel,' says Mr. X."

This kind of cheating, however, is not as common as it once was; indeed, with the increase of reviewers who have a weakness for seeing their names in print, it has become almost superfluous. Lines consciously written for possible quotation are served up hot and temptingly even in adverse reviews. After damning a book through five paragraphs, Mr. Y concludes: "No reader who wishes to keep up with the times can afford to miss it." What publisher can resist the opportunity? But resist they must if a considerable amount of book advertising is to be more meaningful than it is. I am not suggesting that they ignore reviews, but that they make more intelligent, more effective use of them than they do. The material at hand is rich, but the best of it is often neglected. When Mr. Z announces that he considers a novel the best of the year, it means nothing to a reader unless he happens to believe that Mr. Z reads all novels and possesses infallible taste. But it often happens that Mr. Z has indicated somewhere in his review *why* he considers the novel the best. That is what the publisher should seize upon, that is what the potential purchaser wants to know. With the cause of the reviewer's reaction before him, he can then decide whether that cause is likely to have a similar effect upon him.

Of course, if no Mr. Z comes to the publisher's aid, the publisher's advertising manager will then be confronted with the arduous task of extracting the book's essence for himself. Instead of saying cheerily to his secretary, "Pick me out some good quotes for "Fallen Arches," he will have to find out just what the book is, why anyone should wish to buy it, and frame an advertisement designed to appeal to the particular persons who would like that particular book. In order to accomplish this feat, he may even be compelled to read the volume. But, let it be added in his defence, that in some publishing offices he never has the chance to read it. A manuscript is accepted by the editorial department and sent to press; the advertising department is left with a bald synopsis of contents or a reader's report, sometimes not even with that. Of course, there are publishing houses that order these things well, but they are not under discussion.

From whatever point I approach the central problem, I arrive at the conclusion that the advertising condemned by *Saturday Review* readers is not intentionally misleading but lazy and undiscriminating. The guilty publisher discriminates between neither books nor readers. He advertises everything as if it were meat for everyone, and in terms that are common property instead of in the unique terms of which he is sole possessor by virtue of a copyright. He seeks to sell serious fiction by sensational methods, and presents sensational trash as though it were serious fiction. Consequently he fails to make the best of two worlds, and disappoints two kinds of readers. In front of me, for example, is a novel recently issued by a reputable publisher. The jacket blurb and the advertisements of it that I have seen indicate that it might appeal to admirers of Sheila Kaye-Smith or May Sinclair; actually it is written in a style that might delight readers of Ethel M. Dell. The chances are, because of the way it is being advertised, that it will fail to reach the audience that it would satisfy, and that it will irritate those who are persuaded to buy it. By following a routine procedure, by mouthing stock phrases, the publisher has unquestionably missed his market.

But, says the practical man who knows something about the composition of the average publisher's list, what about the mediocre stuff? What you suggest is fine, and obvious, for the good books, but how about the rest? The answer is not hard to find. When a publisher accepts a book he thinks either that it will not sell or that it will. In the first case he is a fool or a philanthropist; in the second case he has some reason for his belief. However mediocre the book may be, something in it has appealed to him, and that is what his advertising should make plain to public view: the something that made him accept it for his list, the something that should make others buy it. All of which sounds very pretty, says the practical man again, but how about "list" advertisements in which only a line or two may be given certain volumes? There is no room in which to say anything of importance; stock terms are the last resort. A good rule in such cases is to say as little as possible. There is no more potency in such a line as "A thrilling, throbbing romance of life and love in the South Seas," than in the bald legend, "A romance of the South Seas." The less space there is available, the surer one should be there is no waste, no loafing ground for idle words. A publisher might do well to try the experiment of concluding his "list" advertisements with some such tag as "A full description of any book mentioned above will be furnished upon request." It would be interesting to see how much use would be made of the service by cautious book buyers who were out of touch with book stores.

But it is not the high cost of elbow-room that is responsible for most bad book advertising; it is laziness combined with an innocent faith in the magic power of certain words and names. The display advertisers, the men with great open

(*Continued on page* 515)

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JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

by

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

author of
ZOLA AND HIS TIME

Praise from the Press

"The most complete book on Rousseau ever written in English." —*Boston Transcript*

"A book as good as at least three books . . . contains a whole education."—*John Cournos, New York Sun*

"The best biography of Rousseau in existence."—*Herbert Gorman, New York World-Telegram*

"A very rich biography."—*William Soskin, New York Post*

And What a Story It Is!

The Rousseau of the "Confessions" —a tragic figure whose courage, or effrontery, in revealing the scandals of his life had never before been equalled! Part of the excitement of Josephson's richly documented biography is the story and interpretation of this life—of the mysterious elements of mania, persecution and disaster that composed the unhappy Rousseau of the "Confessions" and the triumphant Rousseau of the "Social Contract."

At all bookstores, $5.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.
383 Madison Ave., N. Y.

A Letter from SINCLAIR LEWIS

Most American writers, despite their vitality, originality of theme, and freedom from the insular maliciousness of the London literary novel, have so far been glossy but a little flat. They have, most of them, been two-dimensional, in contrast to such three-dimensional English fiction as "The Forsyte Saga," "Tono-Bungay," "Broome Stages," and most of Dickens and Thackeray—books that have thickness, solidity, that reach back to the characters' great-grandfathers and out to their fourth cousins.

But Myron Brinig, in "This Man Is My Brother," brings out of the contrast between a brilliant, neurotic, Jewish family and the Montana smelting-town in which they live, a true American three-dimensional novel. The characters are not solitary in a vacuum. They have grandmothers and probably will have grandsons; they eat authentic food, make love and agonize and triumph, sell leather goods and collect paintings, go through the tragedy of the esthete in the machine age, and drive fast cars with the *Goyim;* and step out of the pages not as bloodless literary artifices, characters synthetic and flavorless as bathtub gin, but as living and complex human beings. The book is not merely "clever" and "promising"; it is important.

Sinclair Lewis

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: THIS MAN IS MY BROTHER, by Myron Brinig, author of *Singermann,* was published last week by Farrar & Rinehart. It contains over 340 pages; the price is $2.50. One edition has been exhausted and a second is in press; a number of important New York bookstores have already reported it among their best-sellers.

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE MACHINE-AGE POET

THE young Philadelphian, MacKnight Black, looked on this age of steel and dynamos and decided that the modern poet's material lay with the modern machines. His attitude was partly an act of will and partly resided in the fascination that machinery possessed for him. The other night at the annual dinner of the Poetry Society of America I heard Mr. Shaw Desmond wax eloquent concerning the rhythms latent in modern American life and the orchestration of our great cities. Black was aware of the new rhythms inherent in all this clangor. One of our modern musicians, Varése, has tried to score this barbaric music. But aside from the rhythms, Black was interested in the visual impact of machines in action, in the upthrust of great buildings, in every manifestation of modern mechanical invention and modern science. His first book of poems, "Machinery," reflected these interests. He endeavored to give the Machine Age a voice of its own, or rather to interpret that new and strange utterance for us.

"Machinery" was a promising book, a stimulating experiment. And then the poet died in his youth with his work only begun. It would be impossible to say what he might have achieved. As it was, he left behind him an unfinished long narrative poem, "Thrust at the Sky," which Simon & Schuster have now brought out in a format suggesting the massive lines of the modern skyscraper which dominates the poem. The book is set in bold, modern type. To the title poem twelve short poems are added, eight of which were written within a year of the author's death. These have been selected from a great mass of posthumous material. Marcus Goodrich has edited the volume, and his prefatory note explains just how much of the title-poem, as it stands, Black considered finished and ready, and how much the poet still intended to revise. As he notes, at the end of "Thrust against the Sky," the hero finally stands confronted by two definite alternatives: "the woman, with her love . . . or the building with its high significance." "After the last line of the poem as it now stands . . . Black was to write a hundred exultant lines fired with all the passion of despair and renunciation, a description of Haig's choice, his tower of hope, rising and thrusting at the sky."

MACKNIGHT BLACK'S MODERNISM

Haig is an architect; Hollister — the other man—is planning a building, a skyscraper, for American Light & Power. Haig wishes to design it. Lee, the woman, who is having an affair with Haig, is desired by Hollister. There, compactly, is the plot. Two forces are driving Haig: passion for the woman and passion for creation in steel and stone. The poet was finally, as said above, to have chosen the latter, even though the price of his contract was the loss of the woman he presumably loved. A modern theme enough! A most exceptional instance, one might think; but a legitimate situation for dramatic purposes. The poem is done in flashlights, and in terms of mechanical design. The pictorial quality is essentially modernistic. The similes are drawn from a mechanical age. Note this description of the lovers:

Like that bare machine, the dynamo, that
symbol wrung
From the locked darkness of the ground,
they lived;
Like its two poles when driven copper
whirls between,
They poured out glory wild as bright
electric fire from their flesh;
Were fierce and peaceful in this splendor
of their own.

Such is the nature of the beauty in the planed and shining free verse. It is clean and bright and hard, even in its description of human passion. To my mind the sparse conversation is managed well. The few words that are necessary to carry on the action are all that are given, yet much more communication through speech is felt in the background. Black was evolving a new kind, and an exciting kind, of poetic narrative; objective, with a manner akin to modern draughtmanship and painting; presenting people almost as electrical forces acting upon one another. No humor. No coil of ordinary temperamental complexity; a certain detached inhumanity being a necessary element in the presentation. And therefore what I admire chiefly about Black's poem is this attempt at new design. The characters seem to me to move through it like figures with little head or heart. Bodies simply, like finely articulated machines, eloquent of movement. But obviously what excited the poet most was rhythm of line, rhythm of form,—whether in a woman's gestures or a tall building. His interest was not primarily in the psychological aspects of a situation. Human passion seems to interest him chiefly as energy considered in

MACKNIGHT BLACK

terms of science. This is his modern contribution in "Thrust at the Sky." There are undoubtedly those dedicated to science or to art in a way that transcends human love. Desire is in their bodies as the life-force, but the best in their minds and hearts is called forth by another dream. Black chooses such a man as his protagonist, a man human enough but dedicated to a vision of cities. The woman in the poem is merely a necessary character, a mysterious automaton. The brighter dream was a matter, to this poet, of mathematics and mechanism.

Thousands of times (he says)
A mouth may kiss one mouth, a hand
May shape itself over the same breast, and
be quickened,
But desire, in its unbroken and beautiful
necessity,
Is more brief
Than the full power leaping
In curved mirror-surfaces of steel
That must lose the bright precision of
their play.

I do not mean to imply that there is no tenderness in the poem. The beauty of the work, also, is self-evident. Had Black lived to finish it he would probably have brought it all into the technically satisfactory state of which he dreamed. The short poems have a terse impressionistic beauty. I believe this poet would have developed an even more impressive free verse vehicle, to transmit his own individual viewpoint. He had power and fire.

EDWARD DAVISON'S NEW POEMS

Edward Davison's "The Ninth Witch" (Harpers) is lyrical, emotional, and the poems are the work of a fine craftsman in rhyme and metre. The title-poem, the last and longest in the book, is a narrative excellently wrought. It is a successful return to legend. The opening poem of the book, "Tender Pelican," is most ingratiating. Occasionally the matter of Davison's verse strikes one as too slight, though he commands a lucid and personal style that is somewhat of a relief in these days of so much tortuous aridity. He can present a peculiar modern story well, as in "Two Encounters." He can describe with distinction, as in these lines from "Yonder the Swan,"

So by the weedy calm betrayed and
wreckt
Long since, floats on Sargasso, derelict,
Some sail-stript schooner in the oily haze,
Whose silver apparition the burnt days
Mirror with spectral colours stagnantly
In the dark glass of that most ruinous sea.

The skill of such word-choice is satisfying. One of the most interesting of his poems is written about a chapter in his life, the time of "The hundred pettily monotonous tasks," a time hated, but from which certain poetic salvage is drawn in

(*Continued on page* 511)

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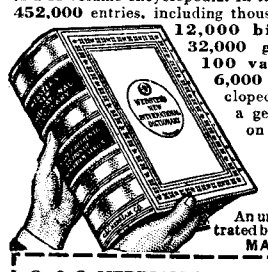

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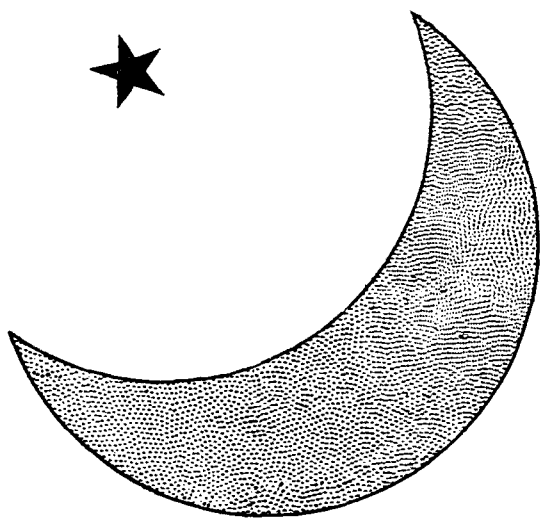

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By

SYLVIA THOMPSON

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Jasmin Lengel:

the daughter of Lord Whichford, a self-made Jewish millionaire. and of Rose, a big, blonde, ambitious, cockney, was rather good to look at. Lovely, high-spirited, with a glowing smile, she went "mad about different things." Sometimes it was hunting, sometimes dancing; once it was writing poetry; later, it was learning Greek. Awfully definite, awfully alive, she loved people and a good time.

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Hungarian Literature

By JOSEPH REMENYI

THE World War mutilated Hungary, but not the unity of the Hungarian literary spirit. Present-day Hungarian authors, unless their works reach foreign markets, are tragically poor. Poverty is inspiring when supported by the romanticism of youth, but destructive when it becomes the disease of a nation. Editors of literary periodicals struggle with the indifference of the public. Papers, as a rule, publish trash. Business before literature. Young writers have scarcely an opportunity to have their works published. Criticism, the intellectual conscience of imaginative literature, is silenced (with rare exceptions) partly because of the economic dependence of the critics, partly because of the inability of the readers to concentrate on esthetic evaluations.

Nevertheless in Hungary and in the surrounding states, in Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, where a large proportion of the population is Hungarian, Hungarian literature is alive, in spite of the fact that frequently the principle of free speech is merely an illusion. For instance, in Czechoslovakia President Masaryk symbolizes the ideology of enlightenment; in practice this principle is missing. Hungarian works of *belles lettres* are confiscated. Similar conditions prevail in Rumania and Yugoslavia. Consumptive contemporary intelligence, nationalistic bigotry in Hungary as well as in the surrounding states, and economic chaos are detrimental to a sound development of literature. Whatever literature is produced, it is a stubborn manifestation of an instinct for spiritual self-preservation, a kind of an extraordinary anodyne relieving the body and soul of its unbearable pain.

Prior to the World War progressive Hungarian writers and critics emphasized esthetic sensitiveness, the importance of form, the credo of art for art's sake, as a protest against the predominance of nationalistic subject matter ignoring the function of literature as art or as criticism of life. But the best known of the pre-war poets, Endre Ady, was too much of a visionary and too conscious of the approaching catastrophe of his nation to succumb entirely to the learned esthetic-ism of his generation. As Luther and Nietzsche enriched the German language, so Ady enriched the Hungarian language, discovering possibilities of expressions hitherto unknown. Fundamentally, however, his prophetic voice of despair signifies his place in modern Hungarian literature. Ady died in 1919.

French naturalism of the Flaubert type has its excellent Hungarian voice in the analytical and psychological novels of Zoltan Ambrus who, despite his advanced age, still contributes brilliant literary essays to various Hungarian publications. But he is out of date as far as the actual problems of contemporary Hungary are concerned. Ady's generation gave Hungarian literature Mihaly Babits. His poems, novels, short stories, essays, show amazing intelligence, the subtleness and depth of an esthetically and philosophically gifted poet; his translations of Sophocles, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe prove his ability to recreate in his own tongue the national and universal spirit of a foreign language. His esthetic confrère is Dezso Kosztolanyi, a novelist, short story writer, and poet of delicate sensitiveness, whose fancy dwells on the tragic nothingness of being. Kosztolanyi's translations of Emerson, Poe, Whitman, and other poets reflect a poetically colored linguistic elasticity. The sonnets of Gyula Juhasz are graphic visions of Hungarian passivity. The naturalism of Zsigmond Moricz, his ability to find tenderness in vulgarity and brutality, his power of characterization, place him among the foremost Hungarian novelists.

Lajos Kassak, a poet and novelist, is the articulate voice of the Hungarian proletariat, but he is especially convincing when he speaks from his innermost self, expressing his own personality. His autobiography is a masterpiece. The psychological novels and stories of Mihaly Foldi, Lajos Hatvany, Bela Revesz, and Lajos Nagy imply keen rational intelligence; these novelists are vivisectionists of the individual and of society. Countess Margit Bethlen, Emma Ritook, Szefy Bohuniczky, and Cecil Tormay are facile writers. Among the playwrights who reached the foreign stage, including Broadway, Ferenc Herczeg, Ferenc Molnar, Lajos Biro, Menyhert Lengyel, Lajos Zilahy are the most important. They are clever, sometimes ingenious, masters of stage technique, but essentially journalists writing for the stage. Herczeg in his fiction as well as in his plays likes to portray with a refined indulgence social parasites. Molnar, when young, wrote a juvenile novel and a play that seems to secure for him a permanent place in the realm of Hungarian imaginative literature. Ignotus introduced a new sensitive voice into Hungarian literary criticism. Aladar Schopflin is a critic of Stuart Sherman's calibre in American literature; his sterness rarely interferes with the reliability of his judgment. Another critic, Elemer Csaszar, uses his erudition for the justification of reactionary principles.

Other pre-war writers and poets who are still writing could be mentioned. But an outline of this kind is necessarily eclectic and its selection to some degree arbitrary. The characteristic human and literary attitude of this generation has been influenced by the pre-war illusion of social and economic security. In most instances their philosophy is pessimistic. It is a Schopenhauerian cosmic pessimism rather than one related to the disheartening influence of actual experiences, although these experiences had something to do with the shaping of their outlook. While Ady, as I said before, had the prophet's vision, most of these authors stress craftsmanship, observation, exquisiteness, and exactness of expression. They are not devoid of social conscience, but seem to say that a writer's artistic perfection is more of a social deed than a sociological accentuation of literature. They are immune to the kind of dilettantism that under the pretext of nationalism or internationalism abuses the sanctity of literary integrity.

As elsewhere, in Hungary too, the writers and poets of the post-war generation were confronted with problems entirely different from those of their predecessors. Referring to the specific conditions of Hungary, the upheaval of their country, the destruction of a historically united nation, the conflict between egocentric instincts and collective tendencies, the Spenglerian Jeremiah philosophy of our time, the pathology of the age, affected them profoundly. All the obscure fads and justified experimentations of modern poetry and art, the cult of unintelligibility, as Max Eastman says, cubism, futurism, expressionism, activism, constructivism, etc., had their exponents in post-war Hungarian literature. Psychopathic young men and women asserted themselves with the hysterical assurance of intellectual and emotional infantilism. As to reasoning, their mind moved in the vast and vague sphere of an abstract kindergarten. Even talented writers and poets could not resist the temptation of literary abracadabras. Kassak, who for some time was unable to clarify his own chaos, led the group of the activists, the counterpart of Marinetti's Italian futurism.

There is less artistic evenness, less ivory tower seclusion in post-war Hungarian literature than in the generation of Babits and Kocztolanyi. There is less finesse, less erudition, more primitive, sometimes rude spontaneousness. But when starvation glares into the face of creators, when the question of bread and shelter is so much in the foreground that it overshadows everything else; when the pathetic triviality of an economic struggle is an inevitable sardonic reality, then knowledge and intelligence in an esthetic sense, as conceived by the pre-war generation, seems to be either irrelevant or unreachable. The "art of existence" is apt to harm the art of literature.

Joseph Remenyi is a member of the faculty of Cleveland College (Western Reserve University), and is a contributor to several Hungarian literary and sociological periodicals, as well as the author of works of fiction and translations, written in Hungarian and published abroad.

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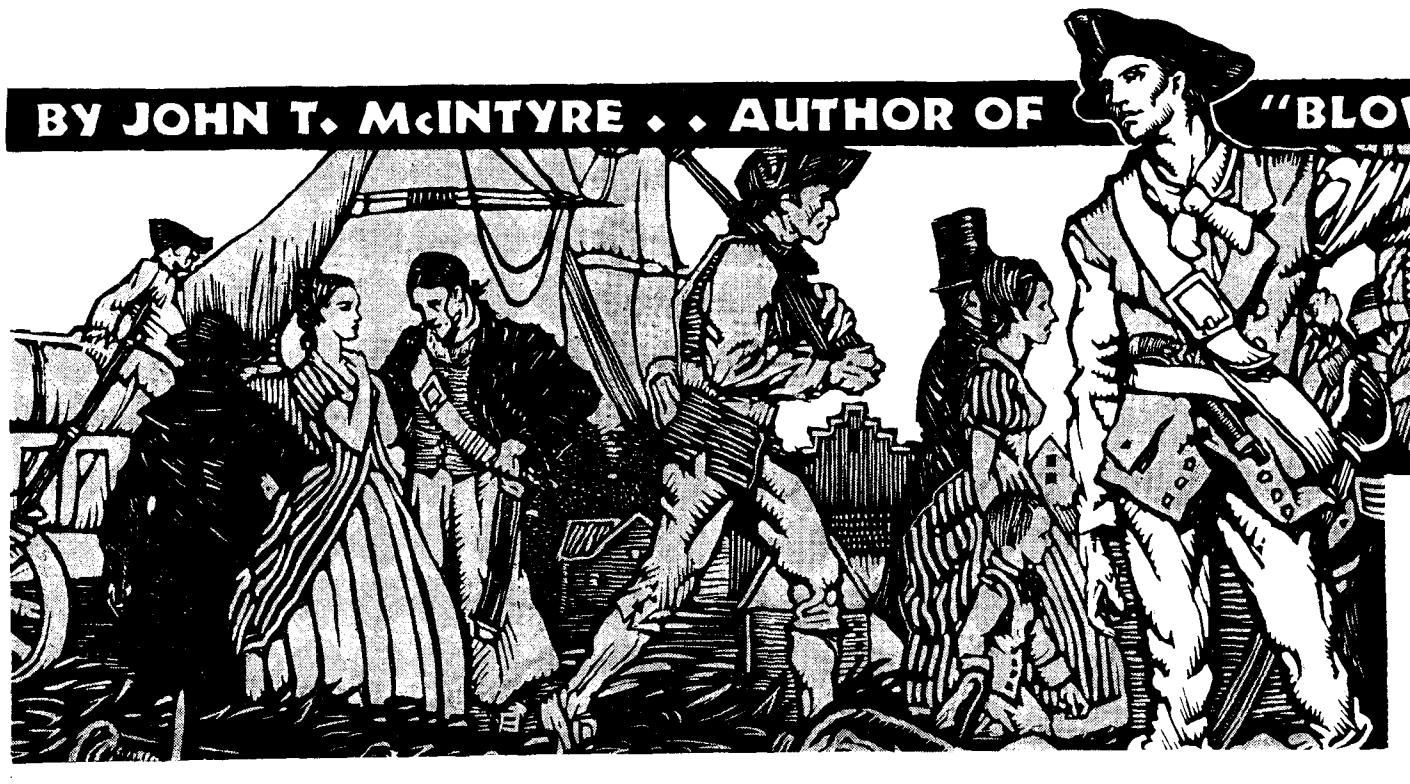

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

THE CHINABERRY TREE. By JESSIE FAUSET. Stokes. 1931. $2.

"What goes on behind the walls of the Colored America *which few white people ever see.*" It is thus that an enterprising publisher's announcement epitomizes Jessie Fauset's latest novel, which has also been heralded, somewhat astonishingly, in certain quarters as the first novel to deal with sensitive, educated, colored people.

Miss Fauset in her foreword, no doubt with entire sincerity, disclaims any intention of writing to establish a thesis; nevertheless, the thesis which preoccupies her —consciously or unconsciously—is immediately apparent. There is hardly a line in the novel that is not weighted down by it. It is not only, as she says in her foreword, that Negroes are people who, "in breathing spells, work, and love, and go their ways with no thought of the 'problem,'" but that a considerable and growing number of them belong to the Negro middle class and "move in a society which has its spheres and alignments as definitely as any society the world over." It is really these spheres and alignments which are the objects of Miss Fauset's passionate concern. On the surface, her story is not a story of the color line so much as of the bar sinister. To this extent she has broken away from the pattern which, until now, has very generally governed novels about the Negro middle class and it follows that her chief characters are engaged primarily, not in a struggle with white people who draw the color line against them, but with members of their own group who draw class lines based on property, occupation, and marriage licenses. What is revealed to the reader "behind the walls," etc., and what Miss Fauset dwells on *con amore*, is that all the people found behind these walls are not proletarians. They are physicians, lawyers, caterers, garage proprietors, modistes, or ministers. They own automobiles and play bridge; they use cosmetics, wear smart lounging pajamas on suitable occasions, and generally conform to American fashions, American sophistication, and American standardization as to manners and possessions in a way that should bring cheer to high pressure salesmen of books of etiquette and nationally advertised commodities. One physician's family among them had not only a colored maid, but two daughters who dressed for dinner, appearing at that meal "all suave and soignées," and one of whom, being "really an intellectual," used words like "clandestinely" "even when communing with herself." There may be readers who will feel that these revelations are worth the price of admission.

BEYOND HELL. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. Dodd, Mead. 1932. $2.50.

When a novelist shifts his scene to the future, wildly improbable fantasy may generally be expected. With the license granted by such a shift, he may give free rein to his imagination, and all that can be reasonably demanded is consistency. It is gratifying to note that Mr. McKenna has not fallen into the obvious traps of his method. He has given free rein to his imagination, but he has scrupulously avoided fantasy, has maintained a thorough-going control over his material, and treated situations that are universally applicable.

By 1940, the majority of the signatories of the League of Nations had ratified the "Sunday Island Conference," outlawed capital punishment, and consented to transport otherwise condemned prisoners to this new Utopia (the realized dream of its creator and governor, Loftus Hale) where, under conditions making for the greatest permissible freedom, it was hoped they would pass the rest of their lives in the useful pursuit of their individual capabilities. That the experiment did not work out, that it became increasingly apparent, after the revolution of the "settlers" and the chaos resultant on an attempt to form a new government, that "man was in all essentials unchanging and that he developed in essentially the same way wherever he was transplanted" is Mr McKenna's thesis.

In this instance it would be distinctly unfair to reveal the plot of his narrative. Suffice it to say that he has achieved a literary anomaly—a sociological novel that avoids almost all the pitfalls of its kind. Never is the grinding of his axe too audible, never is the credibility of the reader strained for a moment. His characters, while in all essentials symbols, nevertheless achieve three-dimensional life; his situations are human, valid, and worked out ingeniously to their logical conclusions. As though that were not enough, he has added an intelligent and urbane outlook, a vital sense of humor, a racy and exciting narrative.

International

CONSCRIPTION OF A PEOPLE. By THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL. Columbia University Press. 1932. $2.50.

This book by the Duchess of Atholl is, in effect, an argument by a lady member of Parliament for united action on the part of other governments looking to the refusal of credits to the Soviet Government, and the prohibition of the sale to Russia of machinery, armaments, and other goods and services as well as the immediate limitation of imports from Russia. The aim of this prohibition is humanitarian—to bring such force to bear on the Soviet dictatorship that it will be compelled to modify its methods of "conscripting a people" in its frantic efforts to realize the Five Year and other industrial plans.

The whole matter is frankly controversial, and the Duchess of Atholl makes a solid and carefully documented argument, backed up by innumerable quotations from Soviet statistics and other sources, for the anti-Soviet side of the case. It is part of her thesis, that Soviet "dumping" is a real and serious menace. This, like nearly every other part of the whole general subject, has two sides, and the argument that the danger from "dumping" is more illusory than real, and that the hunger of the Russian people for goods of all sorts will eventually compel their leaders to permit them to share more fully in the products of their labor, and that this Russian void is so immense that it will absorb Russian production for an indefinite time to come is, naturally, not presented here.

The book is a vigorous statement of one side of a complex question, and useful as an antidote to some of the more or less sentimental and loosely impressionistic reports which foreigners have brought from Russia. The reader should bear in mind, however, that he is reading a political argument, and not an objective statement from one who has studied both sides of the question and on the spot.

Miscellaneous

MEN, MYTHS AND MOVEMENTS IN GERMAN LITERATURE. By *William Rose Macmillan.*

THE COSTS OF THE WORLD WAR TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By *John Maurice Clark.* Yale University Press. $3.50.

THE KENSINGTON STONE. By *H. R. Holand.* Ephraim, Wis. Privately printed. $3.

ANNUAL PAPERS OF WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA, HISTORICAL SOCIETY. *The Society.*

THE COURT MARTIAL OF THE "BOUNTY" MUTINEERS. Edited by *Owen Rutter.* London: Hodge.

WAR AND PEACE IN EUROPE, 1815-1870. By *E. L. Woodward.* Long & Smith. $4.

WHO WON THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE. By *Carroll Brent Chilton.* Privately Published.

Round About Parnassus

(*Continued from page* 508)

retrospect. The poem on Cobbett and the poem "To Certain Landlords" show a Chestertonian attitude toward the organization of modern society. Davison's book is a companionable one of an evening. His lines have relish and he is not in a hurry in this modern world. He rather seeks out the quiet corners of it, there still being a few that remain. He is primarily a meditative poet. I should now like to see him essay more in the field of narrative. I believe he has the equipment to do notable things there. Usually a poet has only a brief period in which to do his best lyrical work. The lyrical impulse, after that, comes more and more intermittently. But Davison, I think, possesses the assiduity and the self-criticism to branch into longer work that would be both well-organized and notably phrased.

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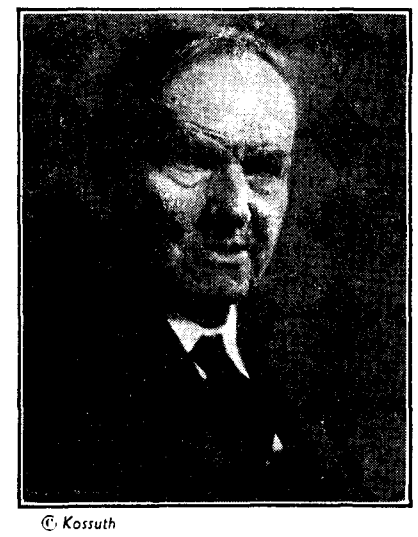

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The Story of My Life

by

CLARENCE DARROW

There have been few autobiographies that so clearly and completely discover the soul of their writers as this life story of, and by, Clarence Darrow. An enigma to scores of thousands, he now stands revealed in these brilliant and absorbing pages—the story of a life so varied in its aspects that every reader will find in it a wealth of enjoyment.

It is a uniquely American narrative—the story of a country boy who rose through his own efforts, along the roughest possible road, to international fame.

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It is a first-hand description and explanation of criminal trials that shook the country. The accounts of the Loeb-Leopold tragedy, the McNamara dynamiting case, and other famous trials are packed with interest, while such chapters as "The Skeleton in the Forest" and the story of George Bissett are as thrilling as any mystery novel. Even more absorbing than the description of famous trials and crimes is the analysis of their background and the motives that prompted them.

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Points of View

Footnotes or Not?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

I believe that Professor George R. Havens's review of my biography of Rousseau, in your issue of January 20, 1932, serves, among other things, to bring up what we nowadays delight in calling a "burning issue": to have, or not to have, footnotes. Havens holds that the "widest possible use" of footnotes referring to documents and authorities would not offend the general reader, while aiding the academic "specialist" in tracking down historical truth; I, for my part, hold to the conviction that modern interpreters should cast off the paraphernalia of scholarship while adhering reverently to its spirit. Here is a momentous problem, raised some years ago by the late and brilliant Lytton Strachey (of whom I am in no sense a follower); it looms as large in the republic world of letters as the war reparations problem in international affairs, involving the whole character and destiny of historical and biographical writing. Perhaps another questionnaire from your readers, on the Future of the Footnote, is in order.

Our of curiosity I examined a single section of a chapter of my "Jean Jacques Rousseau," pages 428 to 438, and perceived that by the rigorous method of footnote references used, let us say, in a doctorate thesis, some forty-three indications would have been necessary. They would be repeated references to letters number 1647, 1648, 1651 of Rousseau's correspondence, and so forth; then references to a contemporary eyewitness document used, such as the reminiscences of a Count d'Escherny; then there would be repeated references to letters, by number, date, and page; then further references to documents cited many times before, and so forth, *ad nauseam.* By dint of such aids the most thickwitted scholar could follow my work of skeleton construction; although there would be the impedimenta, for others, of 2,390 references, abbreviations, and signs (as nearly as I have been able to calculate). To have or not to have footnotes? . . .

The method I have chosen has been to construct a flowing account of the subject, interrupted as little as possible by the creaking of scholarly apparatus and processes. I spare the footnote; yet whenever there is a moot question or an important decision made upon factual evidence, I introduce the question, weaving it into the body of my text as naturally as possible and as nearly as possible without the air of digression. There are actually hundrds of such references, in a "subdued" rather than a baldly pedantic manner. (Even at that, the footnote is preserved often enough, for refinement, digression, or parenthetical reflections.) Any "specialist," such as one presumes Havens to be, may easily trace these references back to their original source. I do not follow Strachey, yet in sparing the footnote, fall afoul of the university pundit who would like to have the façade retain the scaffolding used in its construction.

Suppose in the question of who divulged Rousseau's secrets to Voltaire I sent the reader to an "authority," would he not find merely some other person like me "stating categorically" his supposition? Thus, on the guilt of Dr. Tronchin of Geneva(who may not interest your readers), I send the reviewer to P. P. Plan's commentary in Vol. VIII of Rousseau's "Corespondance Générale," letter of June 14, 1762; and also, again, to page 390 of "Jean-Jacques Rousseau," where a bloodthirsty letter of Troudin's is cited. But your readers know as well as I that footnotes would not end the quarrels of scholars. As for "unfairness" to Voltaire imputed to me, I have been critical of that great man's treatment of Rousseau, like hosts of other commentators; elsewhere, especially in earlier passages of my work, I pay the clearest tribute to Voltaire's preëminence in his age and to his great, good work.

It is not surprising in view of his temper, that Havens should cudgel and beat me for my discussion of Rousseau's dead dog, where the sense of humor led me into slight liberties of interpretation—a grave offense! I had rendered Rousseau's dog as "naturally good" instead of "good-natured" (by the most literal translation of *d'un bon naturel*). But in the very phrase in which Rousseau refers to his dog, he also uses the word *sensitif*, which I also translated with somewhat less freedom as "full of feeling." Whereupon, searching for the relief of levity, I permitted myself the comment: *"The dog too!"* Rousseau himself had certainly indicated that his dog had a distinctly "natural" rather than an "artificial" or over-civilized character. Doubtless, a footnote explaining my interpretation of Rousseau's dog, indicating documents and authorities in detail, would have cleared up misunderstanding at this point. Professor Havens undoubtedly has a keen scent; but when it leads him into prodigious quibbling with me over a dead dog, then I marvel greatly.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

New York.

Noblesse Oblige

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

I would like to appeal through your columns for the return of a book, missing from my shelves since about 1922. It is the Riverside Press edition of the "Songs and Madrigals of Michelangelo Buonarroti," Houghton Mifflin Co., 1900. In this particular copy the title-border, initials, etc., were colored, and the flyleaf bore the inscription: "To Ann Embree Baker, June 20, 1900."

To anyone returning it to me I will send $100 and another copy of the same edition, and ask no questions.

BRUCE ROGERS.

New Fairfield, Conn.

No Longer Shelfbound

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Libra looked at the date—December 25th—and at the lean sides of her pocketbook. Her rising glance stopped at the crowded bookshelves before her; not only crowded, so that good bindings were rubbed, so that it was hard to find a title—no, there was something else about those books. Dead for her! That was it. How long since she had opened a volume of that Kipling set or felt the spell, once so potent, of Stevenson? Nor would reading Stevenson now bring back the old thrill. How horrible those graveyard shelves that to others might be thrillingly alive—at that Libra jumped. With December 25th and the pocketbook at opposite ends of the base, an apex to the triangle flashed out a sparkling light. Those books should come to life! She chose a few to put aside. Then mimeographed copies of her library list went to uncles and aunts, parent, cousins, teacher friends, nephews, and nieces. "Choose from this list what you wish, with my love for Christmas and a New Year of reading."

An immediate and eager response emptied the shelves. "The books have come alive!" cried Libra, imagining the leaves turned, the ideas absorbed, the words leaping to life. "And now I can fill these empty spaces with the best books of these last years. I shall put all Virginia Woolf in this section, shadowed by the curtain that permits shafts of light to ripple over them; Eddington, Jeans, Haldane, Huxley, Jennings, Shaply here by the windows' unobstructed light; Robinson Jeffers and Roy Campbell shall feel the glow of the fire; Thomas Wolfe shall share this space with even newer men whose style is sharper and swifter, George Davis and William Faulkner. "And what will fill this movable case close by my chair and lamp?" Libra exclaimed gloatingly, "for that is the best place of all. Emma Goldman's Life? Alec Waugh's 'Abyssinian Experience?' George O'Neil's Keats? I must have one poet—shall it be Alan Porter's 'Signature of Pain' or Stephens's 'Strict Joy'? I can hardly wait," cried Libra, "for tomorrow's hour in the bookstore! Christmas presents made and enjoyed and yet the money still here in my hand. What fun to have your cake and to eat it, too!"

X.

The Gilbert and Sullivan Society intends to form a Gilbert and Sullivan museum consisting of programmes, souvenirs, and personal records of all kinds.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

REGARDLESS of the season, this department has gone in for swimming, on behalf of the gentleman in Iowa who is writing a book about it. The first into the water is Earle Walbridge, librarian of the Harvard Club, New York City:

I am surprised that you omitted Edward Lear's "Pobble Who Has No Toes" from your list of Channel (albeit in this case Bristol Channel) swimmers.

The Pobble swam fast and well,
And when boats or ships came near him,
He tinkledy-binkeldy-winkled a bell
So that all the world could hear him;
And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,
When they saw him nearing the further side,—
"He has gone to fish, for his Aunt Jobiska's
Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!

I swear I never realized until I came to copy the foregoing stanza the vital importance of the comma after "fish." Before this I had a hazy notion that Aunt Jobiska's Cat had fallen into the Channel. Probably the Cat, in default of fresh fish, was allowed to share in the consolatory feast of "eggs and buttercups fried with fish."

From the Pobble to John Quincy Adams is an easy step. You will remember that when President he rose at a quarter past four every morning in the summer to swim in the Potomac, accompanied by his servant Antoine, and once narrowly escaped drowning. You also recall the occasion when Anne Royall sat on his clothes on the bank of the river and made him stand in water up to his chin while she interviewed him on the State Bank question.

Your inquirer should find a rich field for exploration in English fiction of the past twenty years. The E. F. Benson youths especially are usually pickled in brine, and no D. H. Lawrence hero and heroine ever saw what Fred Astaire in "The Band Wagon" describes as "a right pretty body of water" without wanting to barge into it with the minimum of formality. [Note: There is such a plunge in Susan Ertz's "Story of Julian" (Appleton). M. L. B.] It is for exactly that reason that the Provincial Lady's swim with the Viscountess seems so refreshing (whoever would have thought that 1931 would bring forth one of those books that will stand endless rereading?):—

"Long before we are half-way there, I know that I shall never reach it, and hope that Robert's second wife will be kind to the children. Viscountess, swimming calmly, says, Am I all right? I reply, Oh quite, and am immediately submerged. (Query: Is this a Judgment?) . . . Am determined to take this colossal achievement as a matter of course, and merely make literary reference to Byron swimming the Hellespont—which would sound better if said in less of a hurry, and when not obliged to gasp, and spit out several gallons of water." [Note: This is from that delectable book, "The Diary of a Provincial Lady," by E. M. Delafield: Harper M. L. B.] Do you remember the alarming parent whose exhibition of swimming prowess Anne Bosworth Greene saw in her girlhood? It's in "Lambs in March" (Century). The finale, as I recall it, came when the father disappeared around a bend in the river, towing behind him his (six) daughters, all floating on the surface of the water, all dressed in white, and each with a rose on her breast.

Louis N. Feipel, of the Brooklyn Public Library, contributes these:

Nereus, the ancient sea-god, whose name signifies "swimmer."

Alexander the Great. When he reached the city named Nysa, in Asia, the Macedonians were unwilling to attack it, because a very deep river ran past its walls. "Unlucky that I am!" exclaimed Alexander. "Why did I never learn to swim?" Saying this, he prepared to cross the river as he was, with his shield upon his left arm. The assault proved unsuccessful.

Julius Cæsar and Cassius. Remember the swimming-challenge put to Cassius by Julius Cæsar, on the banks of the Tiber. "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now leap in with me into this angry flood, and swim to yonder Point?" Which he did. "But ere we could arrive the point proposed, Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink.' I as Æneas our great ancestor did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder the old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber did I the tired Cæsar."

Beowulf. "Art thou that Beowulf that strove against Breca, didst vie with him in swimming on the broad sea, when ye twain didst try the billows, and out of mad boastfulness risked your life in the deep water?" Etc.

Charlemagne. He was greatly addicted to swimming.

Olaf Trygvesson, the famous Viking king of Norway, who, according to Snorre Sturlesson, had no equal in swimming.

Louis XI, king of France, who often swam in the Seine, at the head of his courtiers.

Lord Byron, who, besides swimming the Hellespont in an hour and ten minutes, swam the Tagus in three hours, and at Venice swam for four hours and twenty minutes without rest.

Captain Webb, who, in his second trial, in August, 1875, succeeded in swimming the English Channel, being the first person to have done so.

President John Quincy Adams. He once got into an unenviable predicament by reason of an accident which he met with while out for a swim in the Potomac River. The President and his son had to sit hidden for two hours, in gnat-bitten misery, in the bushes, while their steward, with barely enough clothing for decency, went to the White House to procure fresh clothing for the others.

Don Juan. Remember his swim in the Guadalquivir, just prior to his being found by Haidée.

Kwasind, who caught the King of all the Beavers. See Longfellow's poem, "Hiawatha."

Edmond Dantès, the hero of "The Count of Monte Christo," who owed his escape from the château to his swimming-powers.

Challong, the sea-gypsy with the webby-foot hands, celebrated in Kipling's "The Disturber of Traffic," the first story in "Many Inventions."

Carlton F. Wells, Ann Arbor, Mich., copies out for the use of *O. M., Tipton, Iowa,* who is hereby notified to send for it, three long passages from "The Diary of John Quincy Adams—1794-1845," edited by Allan Nevins (Longmans, Green: 1928), which unquestionably earn a space beside Franklin's. One of these describes the accident to which the first correspondent refers. He also copies pages 124-129 of John Muir's "Story of my Boyhood and Youth" (Houghton Mifflin), not only for the account of how he learned to swim, but for the error it contains.

This great Scotch-American naturalist, scrupulously honest and almost invariably accurate in his writings, is in this quotation guilty of a lapse. He says, telling of his diving from a row-boat when still a farmer boy on the Wisconsin homestead, "I rowed directly out to the middle of the lake, stripped, stood up on the seat in the stern, and with grim deliberation took a header and dove straight down thirty or forty feet, turned easily, and, letting my feet drag, paddled straight to the surface. . . ." Such a depth, I am assured by the University of Michigan swimming coach, is a physical impossibility. A skilled diver from a similar take-off position not far above the water's surface could not make at the outside more than fifteen to eighteen feet—a greater depth would involve not only swimming *down* but the assistance of weights of the kind used by pearl divers.

M. A., Los Angeles, Cal., asks whether Myles Connolly is the author of any other book besides "Mr. Blue," and if there is a biographical sketch of him available. Myles Connolly, a Bostonian by birth, graduated from Boston College, served through the War in the Navy, and then went on the Boston *Post* as a reporter. Two years later he was made Sunday editor of that paper. After several years in that position, he became editor of *Columbia*, the monthly magazine published by the Knights of Columbus. After a successful term there he spent four years at Hollywood as producer for the RKO Company; he is still in Hollywood, but has not yet connected himself with another company. "Mr. Blue" (Macmillan) is his only published book, but he has written poetry and prose articles for magazines.

C. W., Havre, Montana, asks whether the second volume of Preserved Smith's "History of Modern Culture" has been brought out and if it is up to the high standard of the first. "A reviewer," he says, "classed this work above that of the German Friedell. I can afford only one and would like to select the best."

(*Continued on page* 515)

"This should be
Committed to Memory
by every American," says
William Rose Benét.

SWISS FAMILY MANHATTAN

any other people. You pride yourselves on independence, yet your most fashionable clothes and books are imported from abroad. You like to imagine yourselves hardheaded and material but you are generous to the verge of frenzy. If a citizen of Europe had to buy back his hat every time he hung it up in a café, the whole Continent would soon go uncovered. You pretend to be pacific, yet your school-children are drilled in the most ferocious and dangerous patriotism, and you show me an armada of 700 army planes in air at once. You pretend to be a land of great open spaces, yet here I see the closest congestion on earth. What bazaar of India could compare with your Coney Island on a hot Sunday? You pretend to be a race that lives close to nature, yet where is there so much food put up in cans, cartons, and paper bags? You pretend to be a nation of ingenious labor-savers, but how much suffering is caused by complicated gadgets that don't work. You make a

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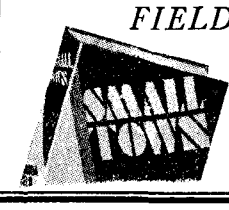

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The Lothian Sale

THE morale of the rare-book trade has soared to heights unknown in the more than two years since the dispersal of the one hundred and sixty-eight superb units from the library of the Marquess of Lothian at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries last week. In some quarters the event had been looked forward to with at least mild forebodings, but such sentiments, whether entertained by amateurs or professionals, proved wholly unjustified. The sale was only minutes old before it was plain that it was destined to be a conspicuous success, and its close signalized the completion of an epochal chapter in the history of book auctions in America.

As a truly notable auction should, the Lothian sale had its high moment of drama. It came midway of the first evening (January 27th) when the Colard Mansion Boccaccio (Bruges, 1476) was brought out. There was a bustle among the gallery officials, a whispering of technical confidences, a pleasurable anticipation in the large audience that something out of the routine was about to happen. Then Auctioneer A. N. Bade announced from the rostrum that a long-distance telephone call was being put through and that the caller would bid on the lot. The opening bid of $25,000 was a telephoned bid, relayed from behind the scenes and beyond the Appalachians to the floor of the auction room, and the ghostly book-lover carried his enthusiasm up to $40,000, when he abandoned the chase to Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach and Barnet J. Beyer, the latter taking the lot at $45,000. While the association properly regards the name of this distant bidder as secret (an attitude presumably shared by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company except for its billing department), it can be announced that the bids came from a city without metropolitan aspirations in the Middle West—a city which can here be spiritually identified, taking a leaf from the book of Robert Lynd, as Middletown.

The 1476 Boccaccio was not the highest of the high spots, however, from a coldly mathematical point of view. It was exceeded by the Tikytt Psalter, which went to Dr. Rosenbach for $61,000, and the Blickling Homilies, which were bought by Mr. Beyer for $55,000. This was in the nature of an upset, since pre-sale speculation had generally envisaged a higher figure for the Homilies than for any other item in the collection. The "Olive Branch" Petition, the property of George C. W. Fitzwilliam of Peterborough, England, constituting a separate consignment, and sold at the second Lothian session solely as a matter of chronological convenience, realized $53,000. It was bought by Gabriel Wells, who can be congratulated on acquiring a superlatively important piece of Americana that might conceivably have cost him much more.

For why should the pen of John Tikytt have proved mightier, economically considered, than the pen of John Dickinson? There is the basis for an interesting argument here. Each lot was the perfection of its class. It is against logic to attempt to compare them—it is like matching color against height, or strength against texture. Yet both had to meet a test in which the least compatible attributes are somehow translated into assimilable terms—the terms of the open market. And in that test someone was more eager, in the ratio of 61:53, to possess the handiwork of John Tikytt than to possess the handiwork of John Dickinson. The petition was not, of course, strictly Mr. Dickinson's handiwork, but it was Mr. Dickinson's English composition—whose, by the way, was the elegant and clerkly hand that actually transcribed the document, and was the artist in him annoyed when a grumpy sovereign scorned it?

Fears recently entertained in England (entertained lavishly and even boisterously) that the units in the Lothian collection were crossing the Atlantic to stay seem to have been fully justified. With the possible exception of certain minor items, the manuscripts and books are going to remain in America. Their ultimate destinations cannot be announced until after a general unsealing of lips, but it is safe to say that most of the lots were acquired on definite order and few for stock. A good share of them will gravitate to institutional collections—the more brilliant gems in the Lothian coronet speedier than the less.

There is at least a possibility that the success of the Lothian sale will attract further important consignments from abroad. Should a strong westward current set in as a result of last week's striking success, then the Lothian sale may well come to have, historically, an even deeper significance. It is worth bearing in mind that when the books were originally consigned for sale here, England was still on the gold standard, and the subsequent depreciation of the pound, a factor that could hardly have been envisaged at the time, has worked a benefit to the consignor which neither party to the sale contract foresaw.

The summarized statistics are impressive. The first session, comprising manuscripts and early printed books, realized $356,260, and the second, comprising early Americana, and books on travel and navigation, $54,285—a grand total of $410,545. This, of course, is exclusive of the "Olive Branch" Petition, which brings the figure for the two evenings to $463,545.

Below is given a complete short-title summary of the lots and the prices realized:

MANUSCRIPTS: 1. Psalter in Latin, 88 leaves, vellum, folio, England, 8th century, $23,000; 2. Blickling Homilies (Anglo-Saxon), 149 leaves, vellum, folio, England, 10th century, $55,000; 3. Bible in Latin, 392 leaves, vellum, large folio, England, 12th century, $7,000; 4. Bible in Latin, 630 leaves, vellum, 12mo, France, 13th century, $1,400; 5. Bible in Latin, 683 leaves, vellum, 12mo, England, 13th century, $700; 6. Latin commentary on Bœthius's "De Consolatione Philosophiæ," 118 leaves, vellum, small folio, Italy, ca. 1300, $500; 7. Psalter in Latin, illuminated by John Tikytt, 155 leaves, vellum, folio, England, ca. 1310, $61,000; 8. Roman de la Rose, 183 leaves, vellum, small folio, France, 14th century, $1,000; 9. Floriant et Florete, 69 leaves, vellum, 4to, France, 14th century, $1,050; 10. Saint Augustine, "De Civitate Dei," 173 leaves, vellum, folio, France, ca. 1410, $31,500; 11. Boccaccio, "Des Cas des Nobles Hommes et Femmes," 318 leaves, vellum, folio, France, 15th century, $18,000; 12. Livy, "Decades," 262 and 192 leaves, vellum, two vols., folio, France, 15th century, $9,000; 13. Pierre Salemon, "Livre sur . . . le roi Charles VI," 266 leaves, vellum, small folio, France, 15th century, $300; 14. Jacobus de Theramo, "Liber Belial," 48 leaves, vellum, folio, Italy, 15th century, $300; 15. Valerius Maximus, "Viri Clarissimi," 133 leaves, vellum, folio, Italy, 15th century, $400; 16. Horace in Latin, 93 leaves, vellum, small quarto, France, ca. 1460, $4,500; 17. Petrus de Crescentiis, "Liber Ruralium Commodorum," 203 leaves, vellum and paper, folio, Bergamo, 1466, $400; Horæ in Flemish, 186 leaves, vellum, 12mo, Netherlands, ca. 1470, $550; 19. Horæ in Latin (with rubrics in French), 140 leaves, vellum, 8vo, France, ca. 1480, $1,400; 20. Æneas Sylvius, "Historia Bohemica," 138 leaves, vellum, folio, Rome, 1493, $475; 21. Horæ in Latin (with calendar in French), 69 leaves, vellum, 8vo, France, ca. 1500 $4,300; 22. "Vies de Scipion," etc., 310 leaves, vellum, small folio (bound for Diane de Poitiers), France, ca. 1530, $2,250; 23. Bernardino Manetti, "Stanze," etc., 31 leaves, vellum, 8vo (bound for Catherine de' Medici), France, 16th century, $5,750; 24. Medical Recipes (collected by Sir James Lindsay), 123 leaves, paper, small quarto (binding probably by Clovis Eve), 16th century, $1,100; 25. "The Copy of a Letter," etc. ("Leicester's Commonwealth"), 66 leaves, paper, small folio, England, ca. 1580-84, $70; 26. "Regulations of the City of Venice," 1439-1582, 185 leaves, vellum, 4to, Italy, 16th century, $250; 27. Collection of 29 Italian historical documents, 571 leaves, paper, folio, Italy, 16th century, $125; 28. Album Amicorum, 119 leaves, paper, 8vo, England, 1596-1610, $525; 20. Sir Robert Cotton, "A Political Treatise . . . Showing the Advantages of Peace to the British Nation," 85 leaves, paper, folio, England, 17th century, $125; 30. Sir Henry Wotton, "The State of Christendom," 292 leaves, paper (two different hands), small folio, England, 18th century, $75; 31. "L'Abrégé des . . . Actions du Chevalier Bayard," 182 leaves, paper, 4to, France, 1652, $100; 32. Sir Walter Scott, "The House of Aspen: A Tragedy," 95 leaves, paper, numerous corrections and all of Act V in Scott's hand, small folio, $500; 33. Sir Walter Scott, "The Eve of Saint John, a Border Ballad," 15 leaves (three blank), paper (entirely in Scott's hand), 4to, $1,600; 34. J. A. Carol, "Voyage à Madagascar," 122 pages, paper, 4to, England (?), 1817-19, $75; 35. Koran in Arabic, 499 leaves, paper, folio, probably 18th century, $400.

EARLY PRINTED BOOKS: 36. Bible in Latin (first dated Bible), 2 vols., folio, Mainz, Fust and Schoeffer, 1462, $19,000; 37. Pliny the Elder, "Naturalis Historia," first edition, folio, Venice, Joannes de Spira, 1469, $3,100; 38. Eusebius, "De Euangelica Præparatione," first edition, folio, Venice, Nicolaus Jenson, 1470, $2,100; 39. Josephus, "De Antiquitate Judaica. De Bello Judaico," first dated edition in Latin, folio, Augsburg, Johann Schüssler, 1470, $600; 40. Juvenal, "Saturæ," folio (Venice, printer of Duns, Quæstiones, 1472), n. d., $110; 41. Boccaccio, "Genealogiæ Deorum," 1472, bound with "De Montibus, Silvis," etc., 1473, two vols. in one, folio, both Venice, Vindelinus de Spira, $325; 42. Strabo, "Geographia," folio, Rome, Sweynheim and Pannartz, 1473, $425; 43. Thomas Aquinas, "Catena Aurea," folio, Nuremberg, Anton Koberger, 1475, $120; 44. 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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from page* 513)

The second volume of Preserved Smith's "History of Modern Culture" (Holt) is due about 1935, as the first "The Great Renewal," appeared in 1930 and the plan was that they should follow at five-year intervals. It is a book of which any library may be proud, and everyone expects the second to equal it. *C. W. also asks if there is an English translation of the Jewish history of Margolis and Marx, and if Olmstead's "History of Ancient Assyria" is still authoritative.* "A History of the Jewish People," an authoritative work by Margolis and Marx, is published in English by the Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia, Pa. Albert Ten Eyck Olmstead's "History of Assyria" appeared no further back than 1923 and is highly regarded; it is a large and comprehensive work with colored illustrations and maps; his "History of Palestine and Syria to the Macedonian Conquest" has just been published (Scribner).

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(*Continued from page* 507)

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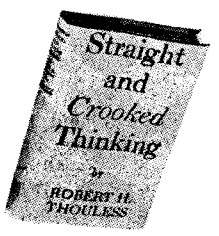
A Glastonbury Romance — JOHN COWPER POWYS
Wild Cargo — FRANK BUCK-ED ANTHONY
The American Travellers Year Book—Spain — LOWELL THOMAS
Straight and Crooked Thinking — ROBERT THOULESS
A Picture of America — CHARLES CROSS
Fun In Bed—The Convalescent's Hand-book — F. X. SCULLY
Col. T. Brangwyn Feitelberg Recalls — HARRY HERSHFIELD
Middle Earth — GAMEL WOOLSEY
Thrust at the Sky — MCKNIGHT BLACK
Cross-Word Puzzle Books, 23 and 24 — BURANELLI, ET AL.
The Strange Adventures of Jonathan Drew — CHRISTOPHER WARD
If I'm Elected — EDDIE CANTOR

At the moment of going to press, six lists were received in one hundred per cent correct form, the first ones coming from Mr. William C. Rogers of Auburn, New York; Miss Mary Welles of New York City; Mr. Douglas Magee of Cincinnati, Ohio; and Mr. Karl Dennis of Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Winners or no winners, all readers of *The Inner Sanctum* are invited to send in their reservations for free first-edition copies of the complete Spring catalogue, Spring being the period between January 1st and July 1st, 1932, on the publication schedule of

ESSANDESS.

60th Thousand
WESTWARD PASSAGE
By Margaret Ayer Barnes
author of the
Pulitzer Prize
Winning Novel
YEARS OF GRACE



Straight and *Crooked* Thinking
By Robert H. Thouless

This book makes logic interesting. It takes our every-day conversations and arguments and shows them up to be sound or fallacious.

The author, believe it or not, is a Scotsman, and does some of the clearest and most delightful thinking we've run across in years.

Simon and Schuster $2.50
386 Fourth Ave., New York.

The PHŒNIX NEST

VERY nearly a century ago *William Harrison Ainsworth* became a literary lion and a best-seller on the strength of his novel "Rookwood." Admittedly he was endeavoring to renovate Romance in the manner which *Monk Lewis* and *Mrs. Radcliffe* had initiated. One of the most recent volumes in the Everyman series (Dutton) is a reissue of "Rookwood" with an introduction by the accomplished English novelist, *Frank Swinnerton*. So we had a go at it the other evening, and were fascinated. We have never read the large body of Ainsworth's historical fiction. The melodrama and fustian involved in "Rookwood" are almost unbelievable. Sometimes it is the purest farce. But that which most concerns the central character, Dick Turpin the highwayman (including the famous ride to York), a matter of hero-worship to Ainsworth from his boyhood, has amazing vigor, color, and life. The highwayman songs interspersed and the gipsy songs with their thieves' jargon,—the characters of the principal gipsies themselves, and particularly chapter V of Book III, "The Inauguration,"—such things are glorious. And even all the rhodomontade has a special and delightful flavor today; it is all so "tuppence coloured!" For these reasons "Rookwood" is a joy. If it is often perfectly preposterous, if the high-flown dialogue and all the blood-and-thunder move our risibles rather than our emotions, it is nevertheless a vigorous narrative packed with action, and the most peculiar characters are monstrous fine. . . .

The Roman Press is a new publishing house at 27 Park Place, its device being the she-wolf of Rome that suckled Romulus and Remus. Its first publication is a book that should prove an unusual possession. Before he was twenty, *Gustave Flaubert* had written a novel that he did not allow to be published in his lifetime, because he considered it too revealing. As he once said to *Maupassant*, "I have always forbidden myself to put anything of myself in my writings." So for years Flaubert's "November" was lost to the literary world. In 1914 it was included in a definitive Flaubert published in France. But it was never published separately as a novel until a German publisher, finding it in the *Œuvres de Jeunesse*, brought it out in Germany where it sold 37,000 copies. Now for the first time in English the Roman Press has put it forth, the translation being by *Frank Jellinek*, the illustrations by *Hortense Ansorge*, and an introduction by *John Cowper Powys*. The latter says, "What renders 'November' so fascinating a treasure trove is the fact that in it he has written a prose-poem of cerebral sensuality and satiety which is one of the first life histories of a paranoiac case." That is true, but it is also true, as Powys likewise understands, that a great deal of "November" is both beautiful and moving. It involves tragedy, and it describes remarkably those Arabian Nights flights of the youthful imagination that desire strange distant lands and visions of splendor. While "November" is not in the same category as Flaubert's great work, it is a work of art. It is anything but mere sordid realism, though that is most certainly involved in it. It deals with the sick fever period of the youthful imagination. And the character of the harlot, the nature of the heart's desolation in the midst of sensuality, is memorably presented. . . .

We are interested in the announcement that on March 11th Brewer, Warren & Putnam will publish the first novel of *Lincoln Kirstein*, the young editor of *Hound & Horn*. "Flesh Is Heir" is the title, and his background the immediate past, the decade 1920-1930. He tells the story of one of the first generation that arose after the War. But he appears as a romantic rather than a realistic writer. . . .

Another novel from this same firm, which will be brought out the end of this month, and should be of decided interest, is the second book by *Granville Toogood*, entitled "The Shadow of a Cloud." Many will recall Mr. Toogood's first novel of great promise, called "Huntsman in the Sky." . . .

This month we shall have from Liveright, Inc., a new volume of poetry from *Robinson Jeffers*, entitled "Thurso's Landing." It consists of one long narrative poem and a number of shorter poems. The title poem is about as long as his "Cawdor." . . .

Lee Simonson, famous as Scenic Director of the Theatre Guild, recently sent to his publishers (Harcourt, Brace & Company) the following blurb they didn't use, for his book, "The Stage Is Set," which will be published this Spring:

1.

I wandered in a wood astray
And seemed to hear a hoot-owl say:
"To-wit, to-whooo -o
O who, oh who
Would write a serious book in 1932?
Look, Look!
Published price to be five dollars,
Most men can't afford new collars.

2.

And then in gloomy meditation sunk,
I seemed to hear L. U.'s chipmunk
"To-wit, to-wee -e
I see, I see
Some lucky bloke
Who won't be broke,
Some one in luck
Who'll read the truck
In 1933."

The "L. U." referred to is, of course, *Louis Untermeyer*. . . .

Lee Wilson Dodd has favored us with the following, anent that recent novel of Virginia Woolf's which has been causing so much argument.

FRAGMENT OF A 20th CENTURY BALLAD

(found about the year 2019 A. D. in the ruins of a Sanatorium)

What are the wild waves saying
(Virginia, Virginia!)
What are the wild waves saying,
Virginia, now tell to me, O!
They are saying more than ye ken
(Reader, dear Reader!)
They are saying more than ye'll ever ken
Who live out o' Bloomsburee, O!

It seems that *Beth Merridy* and ourself have two points in common, as she informed us in a letter over a month ago. One is that we were both born on February second or Groundhog Day, and the other is that each of our respective mothers used to sing "Twickenham Ferry" when we were children. . . .

James T. Babb of New Haven corrects us saying,

> "Casuals of the Sea" was not *McFee's* first book. If you will consult my McFee Bibliography recently published by Doubleday, Doran you will find that "Letters from an Ocean Tramp" was published by Cassell & Co., London, in 1908, and "Aliens" by Edward Arnold, London, and Longmans Green, New York, in 1914. "Casuals" appeared in 1916. "Casuals," of course, was the first to receive much recognition. It is the opinion of this writer that "The Harbourmaster" is Mac's finest piece of work. . . .

From *Katherine Morse*, New York Training School for Teachers, *in re* the murmurings of the modern actor, and the advantage of *hearing* which the Talkies offer, we have received the following sonnet:

ON FIRST LISTENING TO THE TALKING PICTURES

Much have I traveled Broadway's realms of gold,
And many a play I've never heard, but seen;
To many ticket brokers have I been
Who seats in fealty to Midas hold;
Oft of a small playhouse, have I been told,
Some dark-browed Hebrew ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never hear an act serene
Until the Talkies spoke out loud and bold.
Then felt I like some watcher for a prize
When a new Cross-Word swims into his ken;
Unlike stout Thespis, when with murmured sighs
He stared at the back-drop, came tones of men!
For fifty cents! I sank with glad surprise,
Silent, upon a center seat in "N."

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

"'They were learning to draw,' the Dormouse went on yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; 'and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M—'

"'Why with an M?' said Alice.

"'Why not?' said the March Hare.

"Alice was silent.

"The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze, but on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on:

"'—that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are "much of a muchness"—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?'"

Alice, we are told, felt a little confused at this pointed question; but we ourselves no longer doubt that there is such a thing as a drawing of a muchness since we visited the Sur-réaliste exhibition the other day. (One has always heard a great deal of *nonsense about painting*, but not much *about nonsense painting*, which, as the Dormouse would say, is not the same thing at all.) And what is more the Sur-réalistes are claiming Alice's creator as one of themselves. This is perhaps their quaint super-realistic way of celebrating his centenary.

The Oxford Press celebrated by issuing, on January 27th, the 100th anniversary of the birth of the Rev. C. L. Dodgson (he was *really Lewis Carroll*, you know) *A Handbook of the Literature of the Rev. C. L. Dodgson*,[1] by S. H. Williams and Falconer Madan. Besides listing and describing every imaginable kind of Carrolliana, with illustrations including facsimiles of trial title-pages and photographs of the real Alice, it runs to earth the interesting story of the mysteriously withdrawn first edition of *Alice in Wonderland*. By searching the Ledger of the Oxford University Press, the authors have found that they were indeed the publishers of that choice volume.

But to return to painting. In Mr. Eric Underwood's *Short History of French Painting* you will find no nonsense about painting. What you will find is how astonishingly much French painting (not excepting the Sur-réalistes) is of a muchness, from 1230 to 1930. You will also find biographies of the painters themselves, a table of historical events in France, England, and America giving a background to the story, a map of the places mentioned, 48 half-tone plates, and a most useful list of galleries throughout the world where the masterpieces of French painting can be seen. This last feature appealed particularly to Miss Rebecca West. Here is what she said in the *Daily Telegraph* (London):

> ". . . A triumph of bookmaking on which the author and the publisher must be congratulated. It is printed in good clear type, it does not weigh heavy in the hand, and it compresses into 350 pages an encyclopædia of French painters which comes down to the present decade. . . .
>
> ". . . I would especially urge anyone going to America to take this volume . . . for it is hard to get a guide-book to an American city, and one may spend weeks in a city that owns one of the great masterpieces of the world and never hear of it. . . ."

We ourselves would also urge anyone going to England just now to take the book along as a preparation for the great International Exhibition of French Art being held at Burlington House.

The Oxford Press commemorated the previous International Exhibitions in London by the beautiful *Catalogue of Dutch Art*,[2] *Catalogue of Italian Art*,[3] and *Catalogue of Italian Drawings*.[4] The magnificent *Survey of Persian Art*[5] is still proceeding under the editorship of Mr. Arthur Upham Pope.

Less grand but both delightful and useful is Mr. R. H. Wilenski's *Miniature History of Art*,[6] which is the guide book we recommend to Miss Rebecca West and you, dear reader. For it contains a chapter on American Art by Mr. Edwin Alden Jewell of the *New York Times* and a list of the outstanding art works in six of the principal museums of America, which, in the words of a reviewer, is "exceedingly well compiled for one so highly condensed."

THE OXONIAN.

Our Book-of-the-Month: A SHORT HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING, by Eric J. Underwood. $3.50.

(1) $10.00; (2) $40.00; (3) 2 vols., $50.00; (4) $15.00; (5) Probable price, $155.00; (6) $2.00. Write for prospectuses of the above books. 114 Fifth Avenue.

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